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## CLOTHES AND NATIONALITY

### Odd Features of Men's Dress Here and Abroad.

A man's dress invariably proclaims who and what he is; it is an index to his character, his tastes and his nationality; and without making a too abstruse study it is possible to indicate those features which proclaim the nationality of the wearer. Of course, there is an aristocracy of the nations who are difficult to distinguish except by some pecularity of face or figure. Their clothing is refined and tasteful and leads one to believe that their garments are London made, as they are free from those glaring peculiarities which characterize the products of other countries.

The American's garments are generally quite two sizes too large for him, the collar of his coat is exceedingly narrow and the shoulders and back excessively wide. His jackets are often extremely long and his trousers pegtops finished with raised seams. His favorite garments are the lounge and Chesterfield and these are often finished with as much ornamentation as possible. Silk facings, braided edges and fantastic cuffs are all characteristics of his dress, while he also pays a good deal of attention to his hat, tie and cuffs.

The German is in many instances a modified American. He likes plenty of room, especially about the chest, which part of his anatomy he delights to make much of; consequnetly there is often a cram up the front of his coat from the waist. In cut his garments are angular and in style he favors the morning coat and lounge. There is a lack of personality about his attire, and one can invariably detect the result of his military training the uniformity of his garments.

The Spaniard is a modified form of the Frenchman. His garments are tasteful and neat. If the weather is suitable he discards a vest, and his pockets are close fitting and finished with a low roll. Generally speaking, there is less peculiarity to note about the Spaniard's dress than with many others.

## SALUTING WASHINGTON.

One of the most impressive of the ceremonies prescribed in the chapter of "Honors and Distinctions" of the United States Navy Regulations is that to be followed when a vessel of the navy, on its way up or down the Potomac river, passes Washington's tomb, at Mount Vernon. Unfortunately, the observance of this ceremonial is limited to smaller ships, as for such only is the Potomac at this point navigable. The dispatch-boat Dolphin, the President's yachts Mayflower and Sylph, and the smaller cruisers and gunboats that occasionally visit Washington for presidential inaugurations or similar events, observe the ceremonial so strictly that it would seem through infrequent occurrence it gains in interest. When any naval vessel approaches Mount Vernon the marine guard and the band are paraded, the ship's bell is tolled and the colors are half-masted. When opposite Washington's tomb the bugles sound "taps," the marine guard "arms and all officers and men stand at attention and salute.—Harper's Weekly.

## ART OF ORGAN GRINDING

While the organ grinder ate the thickly buttered slice of bread on the back porch, the summer resident who had provided the repast amused herself by trying to turn the crank of the organ steadily.

"It must be quite difficult to turn the crank in such excellent time as you do," she said at last.

"No hard, if you hava da monk," replied the organ grinder, with a melancholy smile. "Turna da crank, keepa da time and watcha da monk—dat taka da arteest!"—Youth's Companion.

## THE HISTORIC LONDON BRIDGE

FAMOUS STRUCTURE THAT STOOD FOR NEARLY SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

An extremely interesting model has recently been constructed of Old London Bridge for the Anglo-French exhibition. It will form one of a series of seven which includes the Tower of London, Cheapside, Old St. Paul's, the Entrance to the Fleet River, Bridewell Palace, the Strand and Charing Cross, and lastly Old Parliament Houses, Westminster Hall and the Abbey. The model measures about nine feet long; it is constructed in the proportion of 1 in 100, the whole bridge measuring 926 feet long and 40 feet wide.

The bridge itself was designed by a priestly architect, one Peter, a chaplain of Cole Church. It was begun in 1176 and took 33 years to complete. The architect himself did not live to see the completion of the work, as he died in 1205. His body was buried in the crypt of St. Thomas' Chapel, which stood on the center of the bridge. The chapel was dedicated to the blessed martyr St. Thomas a Becket. It was originally a very beautiful structure, but suffered severely during the dissolution of the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII.

The tower, which can be seen at one end of the bridge, formed part of the waterworks erected in 1582 to supply the city with water in case of fire. The pumping machinery was designed by a Dutch engineer.

The old bridge stood for nearly 650 years. It seems a vast pity that such an interesting structure could not have been preserved by the widening of its arches, but owing chiefly to the complaints of the watermen as to the danger and loss of life which actually occurred in navigating its arches, the last remains of the old bridge, which had stood full many a flood, were finally removed during the early years of the last century.

The old bridge had always been characterized by the tremendous swirl of waters between its narrow arches, and in the year 1716, as the result of a severe drought, this effect completely vanished, the bed of the Thames being exposed, many persons being able to cross the river on foot both above and below the bridge. This curious state of affairs was due considerably to a gale of wind from the southwest, and lasted only for about 24 hours. Many valuable curiosities were picked up in the bed of the river during this strange interlude.

The church of St. Michael, in Crooked lane, which is shown in the print reproduced here, was taken down to make way for the main approaches of the 1824 bridge.

One of the last fires which broke out on the old London bridge took place on September 8, 1725, on the Southwark end of the structure. It damaged the old bridge gate so much that that part was taken down in 1726 and rebuilt in stone. With the removal of the old gate the custom of exposing traitors' heads was discontinued.—London Sphere.

## MAGNOLIA MOONS.

Last night the moon of April
Went sailing up the sky;
I crept into the garden
When nobody was by,
For it was long past bedtime
For children such as I.

The garden wasn't sleepy,
Even so late at night;
The cactus-buds were open,
Brimful of silver light;
And all the great magnolia
Had flowered in globes of white.

I saw they were moon-colored
And shiny,—just the way
The big moon looked above me:—
And there I meant to stay,—
But mother said magnolia moons
Would shine as bright next day.

—Grace Hazard Conklin, in Harper's Magazine.

## Queens Who Have Proposed

### The Right of a Woman to Do the Asking Has Often Been Exercised.

Leap year is here—shall women propose? A. D., 1908, will tell the story. Is the rich girl who loves the poor man to be debarred from confessing her love? Is the girl who works for a living to be afraid to tell the man she adores just what her feelings are? Must the actress, the literary woman, the office manager, the private secretary—all of whom depend on support themselves—let go the man upon whom her heart is set without a word?

Queens have proposed. Some have been accepted. Why shouldn't a New York girl propose?

"To say the least," says Mrs. Belle Rivers, president of the New York City Federation of Women's clubs, "women are to share men's prerogative. They have a right to propose not only in leap year, but whenever they choose."

"Yes!" say Mrs. Dore Lyon, Mrs. Harriet Johnson Wood and Miss Mary Garrett Page, all prominent clubwomen. "Let a woman propose whenever she feels that she ought."

"Suppose the girl is rich," argues Mrs. Belle Rivers, "and the man is poor. He loves her. She knows it; he knows it. He in his modesty dares not propose. She is in love, too. Should she not propose? Suppose she is employed at a good salary and wants it made known to the man that she is perfectly willing to marry him and keep at her work? Must she be debarred from telling him? Thackeray said that any woman could make a man fall in love with her unless she was squint-eyed and had a hump on her back. The woman who can do this can make a man propose who has the soul of a mouse or balks like a bucking broncho."

For all this the average woman has hated to hear the man she loves say what he has to say just for the precious privilege of whispering her "Yes" to him. But now times are changing. There are more bachelors than ever before—the clubs, hotels and apartment houses are making them feel more independent. The marrying age for man is getting higher and higher. And women of influence are discussing what shall be done. They cite numerous examples.

Of course, Queen Victoria is the chiefest of them all.

Though she did not in so many words propose to Prince Albert, she singled him out from the other suitors who were chosen for her. Then she intimated to him very plainly that he would be acceptable to her as a husband. Queen Victoria, being the most tactful of women, probably conveyed her royal wishes to him without in the slightest degree wounding the feelings of the prince or the self-respect of the man. She loved him and he loved her—what more was needed?

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, patterned herself after her illustrious sister queen. She behaved in much the same way when she proposed to the present prince consort.

Mme. De Stael, as a typical, strong-minded woman, having picked out her second husband, took him up and married him without more ado, but kept it a secret and called him her secretary. A woman of her tremendous intelligence and will could easily have got the man to propose himself, but she did not consider these matters of sufficient importance. Having made up her mind to marry him, she did so.

When she got ready to acknowledge the marriage she did that with perfect calmness, and in the graceful, half mischievous and half matter-of-fact way in which she did everything else.

But, getting down to latter days, there have been others. The last leap year was 1904.

Among the girls who took advantage of their privileges then were Miss May Meneou and Miss Maud Stafford. These two brave young women exercised their prerogative by proposing to their present husbands. They also presented themselves before the county clerk and got their own marriage license. Miss Meneou proposed to and married Emery Cartwright, and Miss Maud Stafford took unto herself J. R. Pedigo.

Both couples are preparing to celebrate their wedding anniversaries this year with particular festivities. They plan, too, to encourage other girls to propose to their timid suitors.

So much in favor the woman proposing.

Martha Jubeck, of Milwaukee, now Mrs. Vanasack, was not ashamed to confess that she made a leap year proposal in 1904. She and her husband had known each other for several years, but had not thought of marrying. In February, 1904, as they were taking a walk together, she remarked with a laugh:

"Why, this is leap year. I have a right to propose to you. Won't you marry me?"

Martha was most surprised to have John take her seriously.

"You have saved my life," he gasped. "I have never had enough courage to propose to you, though I have been on the point of it dozens of times."

Just suppose Miss Martha had never dared!

The girl who goes in for proposals must make up her mind to have some sense of humor about it. She must be as easily consoled in case of a refusal as man would be.

Mrs. Agnes Dunn took her turndown so seriously that she attempted to commit suicide the last time that women were privileged to propose, when a heartless man refused to listen to her suit. She went to a drugstore and bought laudanum. Going home she swallowed it and fell unconscious.

Fortunately, however, she was saved by the administrations of a doctor. Thereupon, the object of her affections, being overcome by despair and devotion, reconsidered his answer, as thousands and thousands of girls would have done in similar cases. She is happily married now.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who at the age of 67, married William Ashmead Bartlett, a Brooklynite, 30 years her junior, had certainly the right to propose. She had tremendous wealth and station in life. But she had also her affection for the man whom, it is said, she held over the christening fount when he was a baby. She was an amazingly young-looking woman for her years, and there was not the slightest doubt that the marriage was a happy one.

When she died recently, his grief was pitiable.

Literature, too, gives many examples. There were the attempts of Rosalind to educate the dull Orlando in the ways of love. And how about Priscilla, who encouraged the man she really loved, who came to woo her in the name of another?

Truly, 1908 has its possibilities.—New York World.

## BLIND MEN WHO ARE HAPPY

### Queer Chicago Colony Get Much Enjoyment Out of Life.

A blind man, well-dressed and prosperous in appearance, was slowly making his way along North Clark street, north of Belmont avenue and not far from Graceland cemetery. Another, who was more fortunate and whose eyes were clear and bright, gazed sympathetically after the sightless one and murmured:

"Poor fellow! I wonder what joy such as he can find in this world? I'd rather be dead than like he. It must be terrible to be like that."

And the man with the good, clear eyes gazed after the sightless man until the latter disappeared into a saloon at 1819 Clark street.

Walking into a cigar store at 1821 Clark street, the stranger called for a cigar. There was a barber shop attached, and in the rear a number of sporty-looking young men were playing pool and billiards. The stranger laid a five-dollar bill on the showcase, and for the first time noticed that the man behind the showcase was also blind.

"Oh, excuse me," stammered the stranger, "I did not know that you could not see. Here, I will pay you in silver, as I do not suppose you can distinguish one bill from another."

"Oh, that's all right," replied the storekeeper, who said his name was Gus Grau. "I'm blind, sure enough, but I know what the bill is. It is five dollars."

The stranger was surprised and questioned the sightless man behind.

"I have been in business a number of years and have always done remarkably well. I own the barber business, together with the billiard hall in the rear."

At this point three young men wearing light spring overcoats and flashing diamonds entered the store, greeting the proprietor merrily.

"We have come out to have a game of cards with you, Gus, and have framed it up to beat you or bust," announced one of the new arrivals.

"All right, boys," replied Gus in a cheery tone. "I'll be with you in a few minutes. Then he turned to the stranger, who asked:

"Where do all these blind men come from, and how is it they all seem to head for this particular neighborhood?"

"Oh, that's all very natural," replied the storekeeper, as he made change for a $10 bill, while the stranger gazed in amazement and wondered how it was possible. "You see, we blind men keep pretty well together, and as I am in business up here in Lake View, my friends know where I can always be found, and so they come here."

"But I saw several go into the saloon next door," suggested the stranger.

"Oh, yes," replied Gus, who insisted on being called by his first name; "that is where the good fellowship prevails."

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you blind men go in for good fellowship?" asked the surprised stranger.

"Well, I should rather guess so," replied Gus. "There ain't anything too good for us. Most of us are in some business or other and doing better than some of our so-called more fortunate brethren, although we are unable to see. Why, in the place next door we are surrounded by fixtures that one time were the finest in this country. They won a fortune on us and first prize at the Centennial exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Oh, we're just as particular as you fellows, even if we can't see with our eyes."

At this point Gus invited the stranger to join himself and friends in the place next door. He half expected to find the keeper there a blind man, too, but Frank Swanson, the proprietor, greeted him with wide open eyes.

However, in one corner of the place were grouped a dozen or more blind men about a long table. Not a single one of them could see, but in spite of this they spent several hours playing cards and other games. They filled the place with their jokes and laughter, partook of lunch and refreshments, and then retired to their club room in the rear, where one of the blind men played a piano, another a violin, and a third a cornet.

Others sang, told stories, or recited pieces, and before the evening was over the stranger went away convinced that there is fun even for the blind.—Chicago Journal.

## A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY.

A teacher in one of the primary grades of the public school had noticed a striking platonic friendship that existed between Tommy and little Mary, two of her pupils.

Tommy was a bright enough youngster, but he wasn't disposed to prosecute his studies with much of a vengeance, and his teacher saw that unless he got a hustle on him before the end of the year he wouldn't be promoted.

"You must study harder," she told him, "or else you won't pass. How would you like to stay back in this grade another year and have little Mary go ahead of you?"

"Aw," says Tommy, in a blase tone, "I guess there'll be other little Marys."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## EPSOM SALTS AND LOCKJAW

### Disease Abated by Newly Discovered Anesthetic.

Marvelous proof of the power of Dr. Samuel J. Metzler's new anesthetic to cure tetanus was obtained from prominent New York surgeons recently by the American, following its exclusive announcement of this scientific discovery.

Not only is the drug said to be invaluable in preparing patients for the operating table, because it can be used without harm in cases where ether or chloroform may cause the death by retarding heart action; but it also has been found to open the mouths of lockjaw victims and abate the rigor of this formidable disease.

Dr. Metzler, with that modesty characteristic of the true scientific explorer, shrank from speaking of his work, except to say:

"The public should not misconceive the use of sulphate of magnesia as an anesthetic. It will supplant neither ether nor chloroform in surgery, although it can be used without the dangers that attend these two agents, especially for persons having weak hearts.

"Ether is likely in some cases to produce pneumonia. Chloroform sometimes produces fatty degeneration of the heart. Sulphate of magnesia does not affect the heart, but has been objected to because is restricts respiration.

"The dangers of heart failure and shock are beyond control. Not so much with respiration. As long as the heart and vasomotor system are not profoundly affected we can overcome almost every case of failure of respiration by properly conducted artificial respiration. The dangers of anesthesia by sulphate of magnesia come almost wholly from a paralysis of the respiratory center, the heart and pulse remaining practically normal."

Dr. Joseph A. Blake, professor of surgery at the college of physicians and surgeons, Columbia university, told the other day how he had cured a most stubborn case of tetanus with sulphate of magnesia.

"A boy of 15 was brought to Roosevelt hospital," he said, "suffering from lockjaw. He could open his mouth only three-quarters of an inch. Antitoxin falling, sulphate of magnesium was used. Three hours afterward the spasms of the neck lessened. The jaws opened, the temperature fell to 102 and the pulse to 104. The patient swallowed without difficulty.

"After five injections the convulsions disappeared. Five weeks after the patient was stricken he was practically well."

Dr. Blake emphasized the fact that sulphate of magnesia did not supplant the use of antitoxin in the treatment of tetanus, but that both should be used together.

"A remarkable discovery," was the comment of Dr. Charles L. Dana, who made a special study of sulphate of magnesia as an anesthetic recently at the Montefiore Home. "The world may now accept this anesthetic as no longer an experiment."

Dr. Metzler, though attending to a private practice as a physician, has found time for prodigious feats as an investigator in the laboratory of the Rockefeller institute. There oftentimes he has toiled whole days and nights at a stretch intent on some new scientific problem.

The patience of the man is shown by his experiments in the anesthetic use of magnesium sulphate before he believed it ready for use on the human body. One by one he is said to have inoculated 50 rabbits simply to test one phase of the effect of the drug.—New York American.

## HUNTING BEARS IN ALASKA

### Biggest of the Bruin Family Found in Far North.

"There is good bear hunting on the Alaskan peninsula. I got seven grizzlies one afternoon, all of them within a quarter of a mile and not over half an hour's time. The smallest of them was a three-year-old, and I should say they averaged 2,000 pounds. It took thirteen cartridges to bring the seven down."

Grant G. Chase, hunter and prospector, who for eleven years has spent most of his time in the Alaskan wilds, crossed his knees in reminiscent fashion at the Sherman house this morning and told a few bear stories on the eve of returning to his favorite haunts.

Then for corroboration there is the testimony of Mrs. Chase, who for several years has shared her husband's life and who has kept a diary wherein is faithfully recorded the number of bear, caribou, sea otter and other fur bearers brought down daily and careful measurements of the biggest skins.

"I suppose I have killed 500 or 600 bears altogether," continued Mr. Chase. "Of course a good deal of my time has been given to some copper properties I am interested in or the number might have been much larger. At one time and another I have hunted bear pretty much all through the Rockies, but there isn't another place to equal the Alaskan peninsula.

"Big? Well, I'll tell you. Those bears up there are the largest in the world. A full grown male weighs from 2,000 to 2,500 pounds. The skin of the largest fellow I ever killed measured thirteen feet four inches long and thirteen feet three inches spread from toenail to toenail. I can lift as much as the average man, but I'm telling it straight when I say that with Mrs. Chase to help me I couldn't turn that fellow over on his back to skin him.

"Twenty feet is the nearest a bear, bent on mischief, ever got to me. An old female, whose cub I had brought down, came for me one day and she was mad. She was sixty or seventy yards distant and in a bunch of alder when I took my first shot at her. She got up and came out in the clearing and then she saw me and came for me in earnest. I worked my gun pretty rapidly and the shots took effect. She was about six paces away when she dropped.

"Mrs. Chase and I got a scare once, though, in rather a ludicrous way. I had three camps in a lonely region where for three years Mrs. Chase never saw a white woman. I had put up 'bavraias,' or houses, of driftwood, the only kind available. We were going from one camp to another when I brought down a bear.

"We were in no hurry, so we stopped, built a fire and had some lunch. After lunch—about an hour after the shooting—we went down into a gulch where the bear was lying. Mrs. Chase was carrying an aluminum teapot. I got her to help me turn the bear over, and I was about to remove his hide when the big fellow suddenly came to life.

"You should have seen Mrs. Chase go up that hillside. The best of it was, in spite of her haste, she took time to rescue her teapot. I believe I jumped about twenty feet myself. If that bear had been in shape to do damage there might have been some trouble—but he wasn't. As a general thing there isn't much adventure—it's too easy."—Chicago Post.

## THE RIGHT CAR.

A traction company in a Tennessee town is still using the cars bought for their line when it was constructed—some fifteen years ago. Naturally the shaky old cars cause much disgust to those who have to ride in them.

A merchant of the town was particularly vexed recently when the motorman ran his car half a block past him before stopping. As he ran to catch it he yelled out:

"Can't you even stop your blooming old freight train on the corner?"

"This is no freight train," replied the conductor, "It's a cattle car. Aboard."—Judge.

# THE TINMAN

## By TOM GALLON

CHAPTER XII.

**The Haunted Man.**

While I stood there in that country lane, looking after the woman who was going from me for the last time, I had time for many thoughts. For now I stood in the world more absolutely alone than I had ever been; there was no hand I could touch again in friendship, for even this dear hand that I loved most of all was withheld from me. I had killed a man once long ago; it was my strange fate to take the place of another man who had killed his fellow—to bear the blame for that, even in the eyes of the woman I loved—to suffer death for it, if necessary.

So much I owed to my memories—so much I owed to the new Barbara, and to the boy who loved her, and whom I must save from the fate that had befallen a certain Charlie Avaline.

But a strange thing was to happen—something showing the very irony of Fate—before I left that old life behind me forever. Some mad desire to see again these people for whom, in a sense, I was laying down my life—or so much of it as mattered—came upon me; I went on, unsteadily and hesitatingly, towards the house. It was a bleak winter day, with a rough and surly wind playing havoc with the dead leaves in the grounds, and whirling them up in clouds, and tossing them upon the terrace, and against the windows. As I pushed open the gate—to look into that place of my dreams for the last time—I saw a little picture before me that seemed, as it were, to round off all that had happened there, or all that might happen in the future.

I saw young Arnold Millard and the girl standing, arm in arm; the girl's disengaged hand was stretched out to the woman who was her mother. That elder Barbara seemed to be saying something to them both, and pointing to the house. The girl was smiling; and suddenly she turned, and drew the elder woman towards the terrace, with the boy following. Scarcely knowing what I did, I crept through the neglected garden, and went towards the terrace after them; they did not turn their heads, and they did not see me.

I knew, of course, that the woman who was supposed to have died so many years before was but keeping her promise to me, and was on her way to confront her husband. I felt that I must know what happened—must understand under what circumstances, whether of possible happiness or misery, I left her. I crept nearer until, as the girl and Arnold Millard opened the narrow door at the end of the terrace, and passed into that room I knew so well, I was close at hand. The elder Barbara waited outside, looking into the room, and evidently hesitating what to do. I was within a dozen yards of her.

Inside the room I saw Lucas Savell seated; the girl was on her knees beside him, talking to him. In the silence I heard her voice quite clearly.

"Dear father—only a good, kind friend, who has been almost like a mother to me—who has helped and protected me. I want you to see her."

Even as Lucas Savell feebly got to his feet, and stared in bewilderment at his daughter, I understood that Barbara had not told her child of the relationship between them; that was to be left for the moment when she should greet her husband. The elder Barbara had passed through the doorway, and was now inside the room; Lucas Savell was still staring in a dazed fashion at his daughter.

"I—I don't understand," I heard him say.

The elder woman stepped forward into the room. "Lucas!—Lucas Savell!" she said falteringly; and stood still.

I was totally unprepared for what happened; it was all over in a mere matter of seconds. Savell swung round quickly, with a cry, and then took a step towards the woman who stood just within the doorway of the room; cried out her name in a terrible voice, and dropped to his knees—

"Barbara! Oh!—my God!—Barbara!"

She made a swift movement towards him; I saw him put up his hands, as though he would beat her off; then he plunged forward on his face at her feet. The girl was the first to reach him, and she raised him, and called to him wildly. But he hung limply in her arms.

"Father!—you called me, father!"

He slowly raised his head; I saw his mouth open, the while he made a frantic effort to speak; he even smiled, and seemed to try to raise himself in the girl's arms. As the elder woman moved towards him, he shrank away from her, with horror written in every line of his face, and seemed to dread that she might touch him; when she did, in order to assist the girl to raise him, it was curious to see the way in which he looked at her, like a dumb stricken hing ha did not understand. By that time I was in the room, and my presence seemed to stir young Millard at once to action.

"I'll go and get a doctor," he said. "He's had a stroke."

The elder woman and I contrived to get him upstairs to his room, assisted by the woman who acted as servant in the house. And while we moved him he strove always to keep his eyes fixed on the wife who had so mysteriously come back to him from the grave; he watched her incessantly. More than once he contrived to move a hand, to touch hers; and again that puzzled expression would come over his face. Now and then, too, his mouth would slowly open, in that effort to speak, and then would close again.

The doctor came at last, and very gravely shook his head; muttered something to the boy about old habits and Time's revenges; predicted that the man might live for a long time, or might die at any moment. "One thing is very certain," said the doctor, as he pulled on his gloves—"he'll never speak again."

There was nothing that I could do there, and there was work waiting for me in London. I felt that I must not then leave ragged ends; I must settle firmly upon my shoulders the burden I had taken up. I whispered to the elder Barbara that I was going; she came with me out of the house, and only left me at the gate.

"This is the end for us, Charlie," she said; and yet she spoke quite bravely. "My place is here, and I shall not leave him again. I come here as the unknown woman—the friend of my own child; for he will never be able to say who I am, and I shall never tell anyone on my own account. And you, my dear,"—she wound her fingers about mine for a moment, and looked at me with the old, steadfast look—"what will you do—alone?"

"I don't know, Barbara," I said. "I shall go back, to meet whatever fate is in store for me—and it does not really matter, after all. I have been greatly blessed; I have seen the dear woman I love again, and I hold her hands now; and I once looked upon a dreary world that held her not, because she was supposed to be dead. And the child you love is near you, and happiness beckons her with a sure hand. It might have been ever so much worse, Barbara."

"If it should ever happen that we meet again, Charlie, let it at least be understood that I have forgotten and forgiven and understood all that you have done," she said. "And now good-bye—good-bye—for the last time!"

I did not dare to look back, although I knew that she stood there, watching me as I went. It might have unnerved me had I seen her again; and I had need of all my nerve for what was before me. I got to the station, and once more took train for London. For I felt that, in the first place, I must solve the mystery of the steamer tickets.

I blamed myself bitterly that I had not destroyed them, as I had first intended. The thought that they had got into other hands, or had even been dropped by me in that closed room in Lincoln's Inn Fields, haunted me; I seemed to see them found, and inquiries made about them; and so a gradual tracing back, to find a certain Mr. Murray Olivant who should have sailed on the Eaglet. I had two causes for dread; the one, so far as Jervis Fanshawe was concerned, because I knew that he believed I had killed Olivant; the second, as regarded the boy, because I feared he would not hesitate to fling the blame upon me, if it happened that he was driven into a tight corner. And, above all things, I wanted to know what had happened behind the door of that room in Lincoln's Inn Fields, or if any discovery had yet been made.

When I got to London I found myself in the position again of that poor Charlie Avaline, who had wandered about with the shadow of murder hanging over him, watching for newspaper placards. I scanned each one I came across, expecting every moment to see a flaring headline that should seem to point directly at me; but I saw nothing.

I bought a morning paper, thinking that it might be possible for something to be in that; but again I saw nothing. And then it struck me that, even if the body had not been found yet, I might be running my neck into the noose if I went back to those rooms, and was discovered there. I remembered horribly enough that I had a key of the outer door, and that the only other keys were doubtless in the pocket of the dead man. And yet I must go back there—I must know what had happened, or if anything had yet been discovered.

Exactly how many times I walked up and down the stones of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and round about the neighborhood, I should not like to say. For I knew behind the windows of one particular set of rooms that I could see from the pavement on the opopsie side there lay a dead man; and already someone might have been hammering at the door of those rooms—might even have beaten it in, and cried out what was there for all men to see. Twice I actually walked to the door of the house, and twice turned back, for no better reason that a clerk, or a whistling office boy, marched in at the door, and began to climb the stairs to some office above. Once, as I stood there irresolutely, a policeman sauntered along towards me; stopped for a moment to look in at the doorway of the house, and then turned his back and stood there, staring at the cab rank opposite, as though waiting. Sick and faint, I hurried away, and went again on that round I had taken so many times already.

It was dark, and the lamps had long been lighted, and the last clerks and officeboys had dashed out of the various doorways, with letters for post, or intent upon trains to be caught, when at last I summoned up courage to creep in at that doorway and to begin to climb the stairs. Even then I looked back, again and again; paused as I got to each landing, with the absolute certainty in my own mind that someone was following me stealthily. Once, as I stopped like that, a door was flung open within a yard of me, and a man, after staring at me for a moment, slammed the door, and raced off down the stairs. Almost I think I shrieked after him to stop, and to listen to what I had to say. But that shriek was only, fortunately for me, in my own imagination.

I reached the door at last; it seemed that I had been traveling for hours to get to it. I listened intently for a moment or two; then I supped my key into the lock and opened the door. The little lobby in which I stood after I had closed that outer door was in complete darkness; for a second or two I know that I stood there afraid to open the door of the inner room, and yet afraid to remain where I was.

I opened the door at last, and stepped in boldly. You may perhaps have some faint idea of what my feelings were when I saw that the candle standing on the table was alight, and the whole room flooded with the glow from it!

I know that I stood for quite half a minute, staring at the thing stupidly, and wondering what had happened, or if I were going mad. I had found the outer door locked, and how, when I was in the room, a deathlike silence reigned; yet here was the candle alight. When at last I mustered courage to take a step or two into the place, and to look round the corner of the table, I think I fully expected to see the man with the knife in him gone, and to know, in some horrible fashion, that he was in that inner room waiting for me. It took me a long time, even after I had seen him lying there, with that stiff hand still gripping the hilt of the knife, to realize that he was dead, and that he could not possibly have lighted the candle. Even in the horror of that moment, when it dawned upon me slowly and dreadfully that someone else was hidden in those rooms, I know that I laughed softly at the absurdity of the notion that the dead man could have lighted the candle.

There was no sound in the place—no movement of any kind. The chambers were very small, just the lobby outside, and the little sittingroom and a bedroom beyond. The lobby was empty; the sittingroom contained only the dead man and myself; whoever was there must be in the bedroom beyond. I began to form conjectures as to who might be hidden there—going over in my mind this one and that, who might, by any possibility, be interested in this matter, or in me. Once, as I watched the door of that inner room, there was a mad feeling in my mind that I would blow out the candle, and make a bolt for it; for the door of the bedroom was closed, and whoever was there could not have seen me. Finally I did nothing at all, but just to stand very still, wondering what I should do. In those few minutes I seemed to live a lifetime—to touch the depths of hope and fear, and life and death, and even madness.

My horror was not decreased by seeing the door of the bedroom begin slowly to open. It took a long time; because whoever was opening that door half repented of their purpose more than once. For the door would jerk an inch or two open, and then an inch or two back, and then would close again entirely—and all this quite noiselessly. The thing was getting on my nerves to that extent that I know that I was on the verge of screaming out, when I saw a hand grasp the lintel of the doorway—a thin, bony hand, that gripped the wood tenaciously. Then the door flew open with startling suddenness, and a face—ghastly white, and with a dropping jaw—was thrust out into the room—the face of Jervis Fanshawe.

Even while he stared at me, I found it suddenly necessary that I should rearrange all my ideas. Jervis Fanshawe had not entered into my considerations at all in regard to the murder. I had fixed inevitably upon Arnold Millard—had followed in imagination his every action in the matter; had reasoned out why he should do this, or that to the point of actual certainty. And here, in these rooms that I had left locked, was Jervis Fanshawe, whom, by no possibility, could I believe, had had anything to do with the matter. I leaned upon the table and stared at him; and, after a moment or two, he came slowly out into the room.

He was so afraid of me, and so appalled at the fact of my coming there at all, that he came slowly towards me, never taking his eyes from my face, and looking at nothing else. It was only when, horribly neough, he stumbled over the feet of the dead man, that he jumped back with a cry, and seemed to recover himself. Then he looked at me again, and over his face stole a smile.

"Why, Charlie—what's wrong?" he whispered, and the whisper seemed to shatter the silences of the place and to bring us both back in a moment to the hard and stern realities of things.

"How did you get in here?" I demanded.

He did not answer in words; he stared down at the dead man for a moment or two, and while he did so he fumbled in his pockets. Very slowly he drew out something that jingled; still looking at the dead man, he dropped on the tabe the three keys, tied together with a piece of black tape. I recognized them in a moment as the keys that had been given me when I first paid for the rooms.

He looked at me as though he did not understand the question; looked again at the keys. Then he pointed to the dead man—and I understood. It seemed then as though some extraordinary process went on in my mind, so that old carefully constructed ideas were hurled out of it, and new ones hastily formed. I gasped, and looked at Fanshawe, and looked at the keys; then I cried out at him—

"My God!—you?"

He nodded slowly; it seemed as though he stood there, thinking about something else, and only coming back slowly and with difficulty to the situation he had to face. When at last he began to speak, it was at first in a slow, dull whisper, like a man talking to himself, and not realizing that another is listening. It was only later, after the first moment or two, that he began, as it were, to take me into his confidence.

"She seemed to call to me to do it. You remember when she went past me like a spirit in the dark garden—the night we knew the girl was in peril; I first thought of it then. I put it aside for a time; I never had any real courage for such a matter as this. Then I saw the spirit of her again in London here—that Barbara we both had loved, and who died years and years ago. And then I knew clearly enough what I had to do."

He stopped, and looked down at the dead man; it seemed almost as though he went on talking to that ghastly thing that lay at his feet.

"I don't think I killed you out of any real hatred of you; it was only because I was afraid for myself. I saw that you, if only with your lips and your lying tongue, would harm this child, just an another man long ago had harmed the Barbara who was dead; and I felt that you would have to die for it, just as that other man had died. I did not kill you because I was afraid of what you might do; I killed you to save my own soul. Yes—that was it; to save my own soul!"

He had been speaking very slowly, and quite without emotion; but now his manner suddenly changed, and he turned to me, and gripped my arm, and went on speaking eagerly, in a pathetic, wistful desire to make me understand.

"Yes, Charlie—I saw in that the only way to atone. Look at me, Charlie; an old man that has suffered, and behind whom lie so many years that are broken and unhallowed, and worse than useless. I felt that some day—quite soon—I might be called to meet my God; and that there—radiant, as we knew her years ago, Charlie, in her young and innocent beauty—there might rise up against me the woman we both loved. She's dead, but she had nothing to fear from death. I knew that when I died it would be different; there were accusing eyes that would spring alive with old fires to stare at me—accusing hands that would point at me out of the darkness into which I was going. And I prayed, or tried to pray, that God would show me some way—some sacrifice to be offered up in the old Bible fashion—that should atone. I pushed that thought away from me more than once—the thought of killing him; but I could not get rid of it. It was always with me—and that was why I tried to learn from you, who had done the thing once, what it was like, and how best to set about it. For I felt that if I could kill this man—if I could cry to the uneasy spirit of the dead woman—'this have I done to make atonement; this man have I killed, who would have harmed the child so like yourself in the old years that are gone'—why, then I felt that all would be well for me, and that I should not see always her accusing eyes in the darkness, or in my dreams when I slept."

I stared at him for what seemed a long time; it was difficult at first for my mind to grasp this thing, to realize what he had done. At last I asked: "Why have you come back here?"

"I could not stay away," he whispered. "I wanted to know what had happened—whether they had found him; I was even afraid that the blow might not have been strong enough, and that he might have crept out—bloody and horrible—to cry out what had been done, and to tell men who had done it. It has taken me a long time to get back here; I've been afraid."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going away—far away," he said, looking at me cunningly. "I haven't your courage, Charlie; I couldn't face what they might do to me if they found out anything about it. When I was coming here first to kill him I did not think of that; but now I can't bear even to try to understand in my own mind what the rope would be like about my neck—and the cap pulled over me—and the gray morning shut out—and then——No—no—I can't bear to think of that; I shall escape."

"I think you possibly may escape unsuspected," I assured him gravely. "I do not think there is any one likely to point a finger at you, and suggest that you did it."

"You think not, Charlie?" His voice was eager, and something very like a smile was on his face. "Do you think I might get away? I think so too; I'm going to try. And when you come to think of it, Charlie," he went on, with rising spirits—"it was bravely done—finely done. For I'm a weak old man—see these thin hands and arms of mine—and he full of life and vigor. Yet look at him now."

"Tell me how you did it," I said.

"It was after I had talked to you, Charlie—when I spoke about a knife, you know—that I made up my mind how best it could be done. I bought the knife—a long way from here, where no one would be likely to know me—and I chose the very night of his coming here. It was a simple matter, after all. I came up the stairs, and knocked at the door; after a moment or two he opened it, cursed me for disturbing him, and went in, with his back to me. The knife was in my breast pocket, and I had my hand upon it; I could have done it then—easily. But I was afraid; I did not know where to strike. Then, when he came into the room, and I was there with him, he suddenly turned round, and asked me what I wanted. And courage came back to me. I stepped up close to him, and I said suddenly that this was what I wanted; and I drove it in with all my force. He stood staring at me for quite a moment, with that thing sticking in him—staring stupidly, as if he didn't understand what had happened. And then he laughed (or so it seemed to me), and dropped, and died. It was horrible."

"And then?"

"It suddenly occurred to me that I might need to come back here again; I must have that power, at least. I did not dare go near him; but I found that he had dropped the keys on the table, just where they are now. So I took them—and I went away."

I picked up the keys and looked at them; I was thinking deeply. For now it seemed to me that I had to face a new problem; the problem of what this man Jervis Fanshawe would do. That he would not give himself up for the crime I was certain; but I wanted to understand whether he had determined, in the event of discovery, to shift the blame on the boy Arnold Millard, or on myself. I had suffered once for this man, twenty years before—had been drawn on to murder, practically at his bidding; I did not mean to play the scapegoat again. In the case of the boy it had been different; while I had believed him guilty I had been willing enough, out of that old romantic feeling, to take the burden on my own shoulders, But not for Jervis Fanshawe.

"What are you going to do now?" I asked for the second time. "What plans have you in your mind?"

He looked at me again, with that cunning expression I had seen before. "There is a vessel to sail, on which Murray Olivant took passage for himself and for you," he said in a whisper. "What if I took his place, Charlie—and you came with me?"

"Too late," I said—"even if you had the tickets."

Still keeping his eyes fixed upon my face, he dived into one of his pockets, and brought out an envelope; opened it, and pulled out the tickets. I started, and stared at him, and made a movement to take them from him; but he closed the envelope quickly and thrust it back into his pocket.

"Ah!—you didn't know that, did you?" he said. "I stole them from you while you slept; I saw my chance there. It only occurred to me, after I had seen you show them to D

## Have You Ever Stopped to Think About Your Health?

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the knife in his breast, rushing to stop him.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### I Face the World Again.

Of all that I must write of my life, as it faced me after those tragic happenings, certain pictures rise up in my mind, not easily to be effaced. I who write this am poor and old, yet not broken nor downcast any more. For, by the great grace of God, I am not alone; there is one with me, whose tender, loving eyes look always at me, with no remembrance of any defects or frailties—with no recollection of anything I may have done that would have been so much better left undone.

Of the pictures that rise before me as, I look back, the first is that of being absolutely alone in London, with the fear of death upon me. The fear of death—because the man Jervis Fanshawe had killed lay hidden behind a frail wooden door, that might at any moment be broken down; thereafter I was to expect search to be made for a certain servant named Tinman, sometime Charles Avaline, condemned to death twenty years before for murder. Yet, strangely enough, that never happened. I have the memory of a day before me now when I walked the streets and was faced suddenly by a newspaper placard, flaring with the announcement: "Murder of an Unknown Man in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Thereafter I saw other placards—this one startlingly vivid with a clue, this one hopeless. And I even had the temerity to stand in a little stuffy coroner's court, what time twelve good men and true brought in a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown. More than that I stood, one bitter winter evening, beside a pauper grave in a cemetery and knew that the newly turned earth covered all that was mortal of Murray Olivant.

Another picture rises in my mind—so near to that other that it seems to be part of it. I remember that on this occasion I was in a poor eating house in a poor neighborhood of London; I was looking through the columns of a newspaper that was a day or two old. A man as poor as I was is necessarily behind the times; news filters through to him slowly enough. And looking down the columns of this paper I came across an item of news that was startling:

"Loss of a British steamer. Only one survivor.—The steamship Eaglet, concerning the fate of which so many rumors have been rife of late, is now known to have gone on the rocks off Ushanti, and to have become a total wreck. The fate of the vessel would probably have never been known but for the fact that a sailor was washed ashore, and after being tended by the good people there, was able to give some particulars as to the wreck. It appears that the vessel went on the rocks in one of those dense fogs peculiar to that coast, and broke up within a very few minutes. There is not the slightest doubt that this sailor, whose name is given as Henry Howard, is the sole survivor of the ill-fated vessel. It may be mentioned that among the passengers was a young gentleman of fortune—a Mr. Murray Olivant—who was traveling to the Mediterranean on a pleasure cruise."

I sat with the soiled paper in my hands; I read so much more in the paragraph than anyone else could have done. The real Murray Olivant lay in that pauper's grave beside which I had stood, and yet was buried as a man unknown, and here he was proclaimed as having been lost in the wreck of the vessel on which he was supposed to have sailed. More than that; for the hungry sea had claimed as a victim that man Jervis Fanshawe of the haunted eyes, who had killed him, and had gone on that voyage in his place. Justice has a long arm.

My memories after that are confused; I think I must have suffered greatly during that winter, when I was alone and friendless in London. In my recollections of that time there is always a great roar and rush of traffic in my ears, and I seem always to be standing in the rain, or with the bitter wind ruffling my garments; at other times I was crouching over fires in small lodging houses, in the company of other forlorn wretches—outcasts like myself. I am always hungry, and I do not seem to understand what reason I have for living at all. And I find myself like some uneasy ghost that has been forgotten, wandering about old familiar places and going over again scenes that only I remember, and that belong only to the past.

I find myself again in Lincoln's Inn Fields—unable to remember clearly where a certain Gavin Hockley is—or whether I killed him, or someone else; wondering vaguely what he had to do with a certain Murray Olivant, who died long ago, or was he drowned at sea? I found myself—an old man, with the rain beating upon me and the wind driving at me—sitting on the steps of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and wondering if I dare climb the stairs, to find what is hidden behind a locked door.

Another picture rises in my mind: I am in a great clean place of many beds, and I am ill. They talk of want and exposure, and then try to find out who I am and whether I have any friends. I remember one thing, and one only: that my name is "Tinman;" I am glad to think that I have no friends and that it may happen that this is the end of my poor life, and that I may finish here in peace.

But the spring comes, and with the spring some stirring of life in my veins. I am so much better that I surprise them all; although they cannot understand why I refer to myself, over and over again, as "No. 145." I beg that they will call me that, because it is what I have been for twenty years. And I ask, again and again, that the governor will not send me out into a world that I have forgotten, and where I know no one.

But the spring in my blood fights for me, after all; and I am presently free and a little grateful, perhaps, to be able to sit in the sun and watch the great glad life of a great glad city all about me. And this is the last of the pictures—for all the rest is dear reality.

I remember that, as I grew stronger, a sudden passion of longing came upon me and drew me inevitably to the woods and the fields I had known so long before, in a certain summer time, and had known later with the snow upon them and the chill winds of winter blowing over them. The sun warmed me to life almost as if I had renewed my youth, so that I found myself one day—poor old shabby creature that I was—with my feet set steadily upon the road that led to Hammerstone Market, and with my eager eyes searching the landscape before me to catch the first glimpse of it.

I was weaker than I had imagined, and it took me nearly two days to get to it. But I came to it at last, on a bright spring morning—came into the familiar bustle of the little country town, with the market place just as it had always been, and the George Hotel as comfortable-looking as ever, with its doors thrown hospitably wide open. I was tired after my long tramp, and I found in a corner of a pocket in my shabby clothes a sixpence. I went into the place, and ordered some bread and cheese and ale.

There seemed some excitement about the George that morning. There was an air of everyone being in their best clothes; there was a young coachman there, in particular, who was obviously smoking an unusual cigar, and who had a white favour fastened to the lapel of his coat. There was another coachman, also, more elderly and staid; and the two men were talking with the landlord. I passed unnoticed—a mere shabby stranger, taking his modest refreshment in the corner.

"Well, an' it won't be half a bad thing to see the old place livened up a bit," the landlord was saying. "They do say that the young chap 'as come into a tidy bit o' money since 'is 'alf-brother was drowned in that wreck—a very tidy bit o' money indeed. Well—well—that's the way o' the world: 'ere today an' gone tomorrow."

"I mind 'er mother—Lord knows 'ow many year ago, when I was a young chap," said the elder coachman, rolling his cigar between his lips—"an' you take my word for it, this young lady ain't the very stuck image of 'er. I've only got to shut my eyes an' I can see the child now—just so like the mother as ever was. And both of 'em with the same names, mind you. Miss Barbara then, an' Miss Barbara now."

I listened wonderingly; I began dimly to understand. Coming a little nearer to them, I ventured to put a question, and they answered me respectfully enough.

"There is to be a wedding today?"

"There is that," exclaimed the landlord heartily. "A quiet weddin', mind you—because you can't exactly 'ave much fuss an' flummery with the grass not quite grown on a grave yet, can you?"

"A grave?" I faltered.

"Ah, a grave," said the landlord, glad of a chance to talk to a stranger. "Old Mr. Savell died some three months back—father of the bride, you understand. Had a stroke early in the winter, an' never recovered."

"Never spoke, did 'e?" asked the younger coachman.

"Never a word from the moment that the Lord struck 'im down," said the landlord with a shake of his head. "Merciful release, in a manner o' speaking; the young folks must 'ave their chance, after the old 'uns is put away. Now, boys, it's time you was going; I'm going to give a look in at the church myself, in time to see a bit of the bride an' the young gentleman. Why—would you belive it—in a sense 'e belongs here; used to stop in this very place when first 'e came down a-courtin' the young lady. So, you see, it's only right as the George should be represented, ain't it?"

I found my way out of the place and towards the church. There was a holiday feeling in the air, and a ringing of bells; I felt that I was strangely out of place. A sudden impulse to hide myself came upon me, and I went out beyond the town, and into that green wood—beautiful now in its spring dress—that had meant so much to me so often before. And there for a long time I sat, with the peace of God stealing into my heart, listening to the ringing of the bells, and thinking gratefully that all was well—that all was better, perhaps, because I stood outside it, and could touch it no more.

Yet the bells drew me; they rang a tune in my ears that brought me at last to my feet, and set me upon the road to the church. There was a crowd about it now, and much jostling and laughter; I saw the round jolly face of the landlord of the George, and he was evidently still telling anyone who would listen to him of his proprietary rights in the bridegroom. I managed to slip into the church, and found my way into a little curtained pew at the back of it, from which I could watch all that was going on, and yet remain unseen.

I had no eyes for anyone but the girl; she came in on the arm of an elderly man I judged to be a family lawyer, or in some such position. She looked very beautiful as she went slowly up the old church to join her lover; I thought with a pang of how I had seen her mother—looking just like this—step over these worn stones in her bridal dress, twenty years before. I remembered, too, how I had stood there, with a bursting heart, and had seen her going out of my life. I could not bear the thought of that, even then; I knelt in my curtained pew, and hid my face in my hands, while all the rustling and whispering went on about me. Then the solemn service began, and still I knelt there, as in a dream. But I was happier then than I had ever been; for in my dream this was poor Charlie Avaline, far back in the years, wedding the woman he loved—thereafter to live happily without any shadow on his life.

I felt that I must see her as she came out of the church; so much at least was due to me. So, with a new boldness, I stepped out of the pew, and stood there in the shadows, waiting while she came on the arm of the young husband down the church. And the twenty odd years had taught me so much that I could stand like that, and look at it with no feeling of envy, or bitterness for all I had suffered; only a great gladness that this Barbara at least was to tread a path of roses. I stood quietly there, watching her as she came down the church; if the tears were in my eyes, they were only there because I remembered poor Charlie Avaline, who had stood in the same place, and had watched that other Barbara whom he loved.

She was within a couple of yards of me when she raised her eyes, and looked straight at me. I would have drawn back, but she was too quick for me; she came forward at once, drawing Arnold Millard with her, and caught at my hand. And it seemed that I was no longer shabby and poor; all in a moment I was greater than anyone there.

"It's Tinman! It's dear Tinman!" she said.

In the strangest fashion she had disengaged herself from her husband's arm, and was shaking my hands. We were saying the absurdest things to each other; I congratulating her, and wishing her well, and half laughing and half crying in my weakness and my joy; she murmuring over and over again that this was the best thing of all, to see me like this at such a time. And all about us the strange, wondering faces pressing nearer.

And then before them all she raised herself on tiptoe, and kissed me on the cheek—yes, before them all! As she went out of the church, running a little eagerly for a step or two, to join her husband, who was smilingly waiting, she looked back at me, and waved her hand; and so was gone out into the sunlight, amidst a roar of cheering. I felt strangely alone; but that was, of course, inevitable. The Barbara I had loved had gone forever out of my life; she had told me so, on that day when it had come to the parting of the ways for us. Each of us had done our part. I had been privileged to see the end of that day, and now I must go out into the world, and live in loneliness just so many years as might be given to me. But I was no longer tired or hopeless; I had drunk deep of life, and although there were so many things I would have been glad to have had altered, there was yet so much that was better than I could have hoped. I would linger here for a little time, on this spring morning, and then would go on, to take up the quiet burden of my days.

I found my way back to the old house, and peered in at the gate. All was changed here now; the garden no longer neglected, and the house looking bright and fresh. There was no one about, and I crept in, and stood again on that terrace, looking into the room. There were bright flowers there, and the place was very different from what it had ever been before. I came away, and found my way into that wood that seemed to hold all my memories. I sat down there for the last time—reviewing, as it were, my life, and looking back to see the boy who had painted here among the trees, and had seen coming towards him, with a smile in her eyes, the Barbara of long ago.

And so it happened that I looked up presently, and saw coming through the wood the Barbara I loved; and it almost seemed, despite the passage of the years, that this was the Barbara I had always known, and who was unchanged. The heavy soiled garment of the years dropped away from me; I was again a man with hopes and longings; I suddenly realized how much this dear woman was to me, and how much we both might be, each to the other. I stood there, bareheaded in the sunlight, holding her hands, and looking into her eyes; and I was no longer old or tired; I faced life again, with the spring in my veins and in my heart.

"We are all alone, dear Tinman," she said, using that familiar name naturally. "I am the unknown woman, who has stood beside my husband's grave, and yet have not mourned for him; I am the woman who has stood in God's house today, and seen my child married—just as I might have married poor Charlie Avaline, years and years ago. Such a strange life ours has been, my dear," she added softly; "it seems almost as though you and I are left alone together forgotten and unknown in the great world—with all our work done."

"But we came to the parting of the ways before, Barbara," I said; "there can be no going back now. God has been very good to me: I might never have seen you again; I might have died that shameful death twenty years ago. But I am a felon; I am branded with the brand of Cain; there is blood on my hands."

"Spilled for my sake!" she cried quickly, taking my hands, as she had done once before, and putting her lips to them. "And you lied to me, Charlie; you did not kill Olivant."

"I did not kill Olivant," I said; "but I am guilty, in that I set out to do it. Some one foresalled me; some one who has died a violent death, and paid that penalty. But that, too, was some one who loved you, in however poor a fashion. It was Jervis Fanshawe."

We talked there for a long time in the woods, and at las' it seemed to me that the moment had come when I must part from her. For I would not link my life with hers; on that point I was resolute. Yet she clung to me, and told me what was in her heart.

"Years ago, Charlie, when I knew that they would not kill you, but that you must live out your life in bitter servitude for what you had done for me, I made up my mind that there was a duty before me, and that I was called to it inevitably. It seemed to me then that I must consecrate what was left of my life to you, and to the memory of you; your love for me had been so great a thing that in a sense I belonged to you, if only in spirit. Dear, you came back to me wonderfully from out your prison; you fought for me again; you were ready to lay down your life for that other Barbara, who was like the Barbara you had loved. I am lonely now—lonely and unknown; do not send me away from you!"

"I am so poor a thing for any woman to cling to," I said, pitifully. "I have been down to the depths; I am a thing of poverty, and shame, and degradation."

"You are the man I love," she said, putting her arms about me. "There is a great world waiting for us—a world of sunshine, and life, and laughter; you shall learn to forget all the horror through which you have passed. Charlie, I took your name once—glad and proud to bear it; let me take it now, and keep it to the end."

* * * * * * *

I have set down here the record of my poor life, so far as I have lived it; yet it is as a slate, crowded with the awkward writing of a child, and much of it obliterated and rubbed out—blotted a little here and there with tears. Much, too, is being obliterated day by day of the sorrow and the misery of it; for a woman's hand steals over mine sometimes, and will not let me write of the sorrowful part that has been mine, and is mine no longer. I have been greatly blessed; I pray God that when the time comes that He calls me to answer for my great sin, it may happen that at the last her strong warm hand holds mine, and points me to the road—that her strong brave lips whisper to me what I shall say.

THE END.


**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.


## CHEEK.

F. E. L. Beal, of the department of agriculture has been pleading the "caws of the crows," those dignified birds that certain farmers want to eradicate. Mr. Beal points out that the crow, eating grashoppers, grub worms, and the beetles that produce the destructive white grub, does, on the whole more good than harm.

"After all this service," said Mr. Beal, the other day, "to want to exterminate the poor crow is cheek. Ungrateful cheek. It reminds me of a waiter.

"A waiter, at the end of a dinner, presented his bill on a silver plate to a well-dressed couple.

"The man looked over the bill, frowned, shook his head, and said:

"'But you charge us for three plates of soup here. We had only two plates.'

"'Ah,' said the waiter, with a reproachful smile, 'but monsieur forgets the plate I spilled down the lady's neck.'"


## CHOOSE WITH GREAT CARE

"This idea that any old kind of underwear will do for thin girls is preposterous," said a good dressmaker to one of her "no hips" patrons.

"The thin woman must choose even her underwear with care. And this means, above all things, that she must wear a well-fitting corset. She should be fitted with the same care shown for a stout figure, but it will cost her much less. I have in mind at this moment a woman who wears good clothes, but, being thin, she thinks that any corset will do for her. She wears a narrow girdle which does not fit snugly under the bust or over the hips, and consequently, shows through every frock she dons.

"Do not depend upon your corsets for fullness, dear lady of straight lines and angles. Look to the dainty lingerie for such fullness as you will need beneath dress and wrap. The stout woman must have all lingerie made on a yoke and fitted as carefully as her outside gown. The thin woman will be wise if she does not attempt skin-tight princess and tailored effects, but leans to shirrings, gathers and full plaits in her dresses. This means that she can wear corset covers gerrilled across the front, lace and embroidery in billowy flounces, and all lingerie over the hips may be finely gathered or laid in plaits, instead of being fitted in yoke form, but whatever she has, let it fit.



## YOUR INVESTMENT GUARANTEED

We have a Pig Iron proposition which can earn 50% to 250%. If you will join us to the extent of $100.00 to $10,000.00 we will guarantee your investment by depositing with a TRUST COMPANY, subject to your order, an equal amount of approved Industrial Bonds. You must act quick. O. L. LAYNE, Manager, Box 754, Cincinnati, O.



## Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken-down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless boon to prepare the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state, or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retro-version or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the "Favorite Prescription," send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his *free* booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy *of known composition* a secret nostrum *of unknown composition*. Don't do it.



## BLACK EVENING GOWNS

### Girls Wear Them More and and Find Them Practical.

More and more girls are taking to the black evening gowns. No one is too young to wear it, though many are too old.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of the black evening gown; it is so decidedly practical in the first place. Also, there is a certain satisfaction to the wearer of a black gown that in walking down the aisle of a theatre she does not feel that her numerous acquaintances are remarking—or the more charitably inclined thinking—"There is that same blue dress," or "that pink gown is still doing duty this season," or even the rather hidden irony—"Hasn't that green gown worn well?" A black gown, if it has good plain lines and a trimming no matter how small in quantity, of good quality, is always presentable and appropriate for any evening affair. The practical feminine observer has found out that delightfully pretty costumes can be utilized for high neck and decollette wear by the use of a separate lace yoke.


## SHORT FOOTBALL NAMES.

The Wups and the Poms,
The Dups and the Doms,
The Wows, and the Skups, and the Wams;
The Jips and the Paps,
The Dix and the Laps,
And the Bids, and the Kuks, and the Sams.

The Bags and the Bugs,
The Bats and the Jugs,
The Pips, and the Paps, and the Pups;
The Mits and the Muts,
The Bams and the Buts,
And the Wogs, and the Stits, and the Sups.

The condensed names
In the football games
Have got us a bit to the bad.
When we try to spiel,
To the mob we feel
That the case indeed is sad.

## YOUNGER SONS AND GENIUS

That comparatively few men and women of genius were the eldest children of their parents is a fact announced by Dr. Louise G. Rabinovitch, of New York, in a paper on "The Genesis of Genius," read before the recent International Congress on Psychiatry, at Amsterdam, says The Medical Record.

In a study of 74 biographies of great men and women—poets, writers, politicians, painters and musicians—she found but 10 firstborn. Among 42 writers and poets, but six were the eldest children; among 17 painters, but one was the first-born of his mother (he was a natural child); among 15 musicians, there were only two firstborn. Not only were these men of genius not the firstborn, in a very large number of cases they were the youngest or next to the youngest of the family. Thus Coleridge was the last of 13 children; James Fenimore Cooper was the eleventh of 12 children; Washington Irving was the last of 11; Balzac, the last of three; George Eliot, the last of four; Napoleon was the eighth, and probably the last; Daniel Webster, the last of seven; Benjamin Franklin was the last of 17, and the last-born of the last-born for several generations; Rembrandt was the last of six children; Rubens, the last of seven; Sir Edwin Landseer, the fifth of seven children; Joshua Reynolds was the seventh child of his parents; Carl Maria Weber, the ninth; Richard Wagner, the last of seven; Mozart, the last of seven; Schumann, the last of five; Schubert, the thirteenth of 14. The parents, therefore, of great men were, for the most part, of a ripe age at the time of the conception of the latter; that is to say, the cellular potentiality of the parents was then at its maximum from the mental as well as the physical point of view. Hereditists hope for Osler's superannuates who have passed the dead-line of 40 years. If they can do nothing more for the world with hands or brains, they can at least strive to people the earth with men of genius, who will carry on and perfect the work which they themselves, at the acme of their usefulness, have been condemned by the Oxford professor to lay down.

## GREAT LAKE PROSPERITY.

While the Mississippi, especially above the mouth of the Ohio, has fallen upon hard times, the lakes have prospered greatly. It is within the memory of men not far advanced in years when the traffic of the lakes was, to a large extent, carried on in small schooners. Now the freight goes in the 10,000-ton ship. The traffic of the lakes amounts to upward of 90,000,000 tons a year, mostly ore and wheat. The iron ore comes from the upper lake region and stops midway of Lake Erie, where it takes the cars for the overland trip to Pittsburg; the wheat keeps on to the end of the lake at Buffalo, where it finds the Erie canal and the railroads competing for the haul to New York. The wheat comes in big cargoes from Duluth, which is the natural "funnel" to the hard wheat regions of Minnesota and the Dakotas; it comes in large shiploads from Chicago, and even draws upon the fields of Canada. Besides this there is an immense lake tonnage in coal. It is estimated that the freight for 1907 will have passed that of the year before by 10,000,000 tons, but the official returns are not to be had at the time of this writing.—C. D. Stewart, in the Century.


## POPLIN FOR WAISTS.

There is nothing prettier for shirt waists than silk-faced poplin, for the goods can be neatly plaited, tucked and made into practically any dainty shirt waist from the plain tailored one to the dressy affair with lace or velvet garniture. The white poplin has countless advantages. The material washes beautifully and may be ironed while perfectly dry and has a soft cashmere appearance, or the beautiful tailored effect is produced in starching the goods. It launders as beautifully as fine white linen. Poplins of this kind may be purchased in various colors, though nothing quite takes the place of the white for shirt waists, and the madras effects with white figures are very dainty.


## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

### A NIGHT-PROWLING ARISTOCRAT.

**The International Sunday School Lesson for February 2 is "Jesus, the Saviour of the World." John 2:1-21.**

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Recently a crowd of celebrated financiers held a night conference in a mansion near where these words are written. They came skulking in from various directions, singly and by twos, to keep the public from knowing of their meeting. Some who usually travel in private cars came by ordinary train; others in covered automobiles; all was secrecy and mystery. There have been numerous night gatherings of this sort lately on the part of well-known "money kings," who are afraid of the light of publicity. Dread of the daylight of public observation has recently become a monomania with some of these.

For some of the same reasons a man of wealth and eminent public position, two thousand years ago, went sneaking through the byways of Jerusalem to seek, under cover of darkness, an interview of which he was ashamed. The incident branded him, and he forever stalks through history as the man who came by night. Never once is his name mentioned in the immortal record without this tag's being affixed to it; even as Judas is never mentioned without a qualifying phrase to his name. This wealthy aristocrat was a distinguished Jew, a recipient of the highest office that his nation could bestow, outside of the priesthood, and a powerful public character, by name Nicodemus.

His proud name would long since have been added to the dust of the countless forgotten local celebrities who strutted for a brief day in what they believed to be greatness, were it not for the fact that he once had an illumination that led him to seek an interview with a humble north country teacher named Jesus. Nicodemus thought that he was conferring great distinction upon this itinerant rabbi, little dreaming that his own name was to live only by being linked to that of Jesus. More than once those who considered themselves mighty have won fame only because of a casual relation with persons whom they have looked down upon. So conscious was Nicodemus of his own dignity and standing that he feared to imperil them by being seen in company with this Nazarene. It never occurred to his proud and self-satisfied mind that his action was an insult to Jesus, with whom he would not dare be seen talking by daylight, and that the latter would be justified in closing the door in his face.

**Who Condescended?**

The "manly" way would have been to spurn this haughty aristocrat's visit with scorn; but the divine way was to receive him. If the Lord stopped where men stop there would be scant hope for any of us to reach heaven. His patience and long-suffering were sublimely exhibited in this incident. The condescension which he displayed was divine—and all while this timid, furtive, secretive doctor of divinity, so selfishly careful of his reputation, thought that he was the one who displayed condescension!

Looking beneath the insolent action, Jesus discerned a spark of loyalty to the truth. Underneath his fearfulness and pride, Nicodemus really was a seeker after the truth. This is his claim to honor. He was in pursuit of the truth concerning this new Wonder-Worker. The instincts of the scholar, who puts truth first, impelled him upon that night quest. With later knowledge than this member of the Sanhedrin, every man today who is honest with his best self is bound to reckon with Jesus Christ.

He is the Inevitable and Inescapable. At every turn He confronts us. Today it is a new fragment of one of Jesus' sayings, dug up in Egypt, which is treated to the extent of columns in the daily press. Now it is His message spoken by a leader of men. Now it is His spirit incarnated in social service to the lowly. Again it is His gospel, regnant in the minds of a majority of the people that upraises itself militantly in our own day for a purification and exaltation of our social, political and commercial life. The procession of men, of whom Nicodemus was one, who have been confronted by Christ, the Question, is long and unended.

**A Quibbling Divine.**

Admitted by a condescension which he could not understand, the polished divine began to divulge in the polite palaver of society his devotion to truth did not save him from the conventional little fibs, any more than some people's religion today keeps them from reporting themselves "not at home," and similar falsehoods.

"Rabbi," began Nicodemus, with many a deferential bow and smile and rubbing of the hands as another signs of Pharisaic complacency, "we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him."

Now that was simply making agreeable conversation. The Nicodemus had believed it, he would not have gone sneaking around back alleys cloaked in darkness, lest somebody should suspect his errand. It was but a sample of the artificiality of society, which sickens sincere souls and makes them wish that the simple, direct and natural speech of the Friends could be universal.

By the canons of Mrs. Grundy, the reply of Jesus was rude—disconcertingly direct and embarrassingly personal. Without paying any heed to his visitor's effusive and insincere greeting, the Host plunged right into the core of the subject that really was in the guest's mind: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born anew, he can not see the Kingdom of God." That to a member of the Sanhedrin, who thought himself a custodian of religion! And this unconventional Stranger had no respect for the proprieties, or for dignitaries?

The key to this almost brusque directness of Jesus is found in the introduction to this incident, where we read, "He needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man; for he himself knew what was in man." Jesus is the perfect character-reader. His wisdom was greater than the knowledge of the schools. Never a hypocrite deceives him. He discerns the secrets of the heart. Therefore his dealings with men must be on the plane of absolute frankness and knowledge.

Despite his severe jolt, Nicodemus has not learned his lesson. Like a conventional theologian, he began to quibble. How could a man be born when he was old? Surely, Nicodemus knew that he was only quibbling. But his pettifogging question gave occasion for the deep words of Jesus upon the new birth.

**The Preaching for the Times.**

The arrogant scholar, proud of his position, has suddenly become a helpless and bewildered pupil. His "How can these things be?" reveals him hopelessly at sea. With fine irony the Nazarene cuts deep by the query, "Art thou the teacher of things? Why, I've told you only the beginning of things," he continues in substance.

Then Jesus began what many of his disciples have left off doing; he expounded a spiritual teaching. If the pulpit only knew it, this is what mankind craves. It wants a message aimed straight at the human heart concerning the things of the spirit. The sermons for which the times cry are not polished literary essays, or polemical political preachments, or attenuated news bulletins; they are words of life, for the soul of man.

Without apology or equivocation, Jesus asserted that entrance into his spiritual kingdom would only be by the new birth, for which the Spirit of God is responsible. "That which is born of the Spirit is spirit." A mystery? Of course; but no greater mystery than the wind that was blowing about the house at the moment. The new birth cannot be explained; but it may be experienced. On this point an innumerable company of spiritual men and women join their voices with that of Jesus and say: "We speak that we do know, and bear witness of that we have seen." Even beyond this, the statement intimated, there are profundities of spiritual truth. The life begotten by God is less mysterious than the life identified with God.

**Convinced, But a Coward Still.**

The man who will not speak to a small audience may be reminded that the fullest exposition of the divine purpose that had ever been made was directed to one proud and fearful Pharisee. It was to Nicodemus that Jesus uttered the words that are the best verbal representation of God; the words that have been the door through which uncounted myriads have entered heaven: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Comment upon that stupendous declaration is beyond me.

From it we turn to Nicodemus. He had heard the gospel in its freshness and fullness—had heard it in the melting tones of Jesus, and illuminated by the tender glance of the Saviour himself. What a privilege! Of course he was convinced, as his later conduct showed. Yet he did not come to the light, that his works might be made manifest." He was afraid. He, like most of us, had not the courage to follow his highest light. As John records, plainly having Nicodemus in mind, he was one of the members of the Sanhedrin who also "believed on Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess it, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; for they loved the glory of men more than the glory that is of God."

To Nicodemus, the favored, it was given only to bring precious spices to embalm the dead body of the Teacher whom he had been afraid to confess in life. And if there is remorse in heaven, Nicodemus knows it.

## A GREETING.

Here's a grip of the hand, and a greeting free
To all good fellows, where'er they roam
On the further side of the stormy sea,
And another to all who rest at home;

To all good fellows whose hand my hand
Held firm in the days that are spent and gone;
The jolliest, cheeriest, brightest band
That ever the light of the day shone on.

They lived on the banks of the laggard Cam
And they took each term with a careless ease,
Unspoilt by the fear of a near exam.—
Great Zeus! were ever such men as these?

So here's to the days of shoes and shorts,
When our boats went up or our boats went down;
To the chapels and halls and the gray old courts,
And the life we lived in the hazy town.

And now that ourselves are old and gray,
We can sigh as we think it was long ago
That our steps were light and our life was play—
But here's to the friends who made it so.

—Punch.

## Farmstead

**Questions for Answer.**

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Can some reader of the Farmstead columns advise me how to prevent grape rot? An answer will greatly oblige.—R., Poland, Inu.

My cow has been giving bloody milk out of one teat. The milk out of the others is all right. Can somebody tell me what to do for her? This condition has now lasted two weeks.—A., Portsmouth, O.

I wish some reader would kindly tell me when to sow alsike clover.—M., High Point, N. C.

When we butchered our hogs we found them nice and fat. There never apparently had been anything the matter with them, always had good appetites; the meat looked good, but one kidney of one of them was not properly filled out as the others, and seemed composed mostly of water. I never saw anything like it. Would like an explanation. Is it a disease, or the result of an injury? Will somebody please answer?—S., Kansas.

Will some reader of the Farmstead kindly tell me what to do for a cow that has a cough?—P., Peoria, O.

I have a cow that is afflicted with something like boils, all over her body; not many at a time, but as soon as one or two are gone others come. They break and exude matter. Some are as large as a man's fist. Would be pleased to have some information. Who will answer?—M., Mountzion, W. Va.

Will some of our goat breeders answer these questions for Mrs. M., Plano, Ill.? Is the milk of goats agreeable to taste? Could one or a pair be kept and supported in a block of ground? Would they have to be picketed in town? Are they fed grain, same as cattle? Would they be economical?

I would be pleased to have somebody give me a recipe for tanning cowhides for leather, how to take the hair off and how to tan for robes.—B., Antelope, Neb.

Editir Farmstead: Kindly submit this question to the readers of your column: Sometime during the fall, about thirteen head of my calves took a cough, which, up to the present time, I have been unable to check. They were about five months of age and were running on pasture when they began to cough. I used some patent medicine, but it gave no relief. I would be pleased to find a remedy. —C., Lawford, W. Va.

**For Cow's Warts.**

To remove warts from cows' teats, rub them with lard when commencing to milk and keep them well greased until through. Keep up morning and night until warts are gone. This will do the business.—K., Bergen, N. Y.

**A Home-Made Farm Wagon.**

A practical farmer, writing to an agricultural paper on the advantage of a low wagon on the farm, says:

This wagon is used here a great deal and gives good service. Procure the wheels and axles of two old mowing machines; then have a blacksmith cut and lengthen the axle to the right length for a wagon axle. On this fasten your wooden axle, which may be a hardwood plank, 3x4 inches. Put on flatwise and fasten with clips through this and around the iron axle. On this fasten your bolster with kingbolts; make both axletrees and bolsters just alike. Now make two reaches and let them cross in the center. Bind fasten each end of each one of the reaches to the axletree with a pin, so they can turn and not interfere with the bolsters. This answers for hounds and greatly aids in turning, as the hind wheels will follow in the tracks of the forward ones in turning, the same as when going straight ahead. Put in tongue and you have a very handy farm wagon that will not cost you over $5 and last for years. Make one this winter and have it ready for hauling corn shocks, etc."

**Feeding Rations.**

Professor Burkett, of the Kansas station, says that our feeding stuffs contain five classes of materials in them.

The first is the protein, or that part of the feeding stuff that goes to produce lean meat in the body, makes blood, builds new tissue, and carries on the daily process in the animal's body.

A second group is called the carbohydrates, or the starchy materials. These are concerned in furnishing heat, and fat and energy. They represent simply that part of hay and corn and potatoes and bread that go to keep the body warm, producing energy for work and fat where the animal enlarges.

A third group includes the oil or fatty part of the plant. Cottonseed has a good deal of fat on it. Corn has a moderate amount. Now this constituent, like starch, when fed to animals, furnishes heat, energy and fat. Since it is more concentrated than the starchy materials it is able to furnish more than twice as much heat as fat or energy than an equal quantity of starch or sugar.

The fourth group of materials found in our feeding stuffs is the mineral substances. These go to make teeth and bones, and even contribute to the muscle and flesh. We are not concerned with the mineral materials in feeding our farm animals, because, as a rule, whatever feeding stuffs we give contain a sufficient quantity of mineral matter to supply the needs of the body. We are often thoughtless, however, when we go to feed our own children. We take the bran from the wheat and give it to our cattle and pigs and give only the soft white part of the wheat to our children, which is lacking in mineral materials. This is often the way with a good deal of our food. Mr. Burkett goes on to say: "That explains why our children have poor teeth and weak bones. I hope that you are as much concerned in the proper feeding of your children as you are with the feeding of your pigs and calves. In fact, everything that is said here applies just as much to the feeding of human kind as to the feeding of domesticated animals.

A fifth and last group of materials in feeding stuffs is water—just plain, common water. We dismiss this when it comes to feeding because the water can be furnished by the brook or well, and we do not need depend for it upon materials we feed to the animals.

We, therefore, find that we have five materials in a feeding stuff—protein, carbohydrates, fat, ash and water. We are concerned, however, only with the first three of them, because the other two are readily supplied or they are already in sufficient quantities. We must have protein then to make muscle, tissue and blood; we must have the starchy materials and fat to keep the body warm, to produce energy, and to make fat in the body. Now, then, the whole question of feeding is concerned simply in furnishing these three materials in the proper quantity and in the proper proportion, one to the other. If we were to feed corn alone, for instance, there would not be enough protein for supplying the wants of the body. Were we to add timothy hay or prairie hay to corn, as many of us do in feeding our work horses, then we should still get too little protein, because these kinds of hay contain so little of this material. That explains why our work horses and mules grow poor when we work them hard and feed them nothing but corn and these hays, regardless of the quantity that is fed. Now, this ration could be improved and made thoroughly satisfactory by feeding, instead of corn entirely, a few pounds of bran or a pound or two of cotton seed meal or linseed oil meal. This would correct the deficiency in protein and make the ration balanced, as it is called. Perhaps the ration can be further improved by cutting down the quantity of hay and substituting in place of this quantity c

# OPERATION NOT NECESSARY.

## Singular Case of Mrs. Gregg

Mrs. C. A. GREGG.

I am pleased to recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as it cured me of an aggravated case of falling of the womb. I suffered for months with backache, severe headache in the back of my head, was a nervous wreck, as I never knew what it was to be without pain. The doctors advised an operation, but I am glad to say that I did not follow their advice, but began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription instead. In a month's treatment there was decided improvement and a few months faithful use restored me to perfect health. Haven't had headache, nervousness or backache for months.

Yours truly,
MRS. C. A. GREGG.

Upon request we will furnish address.

A woman's health is a heritage too sacred to be experimented with. For her peculiar and delicate ailments only medicines of known composition and which contain no alcohol, narcotics, or other harmful or habit-forming drugs should be employed. The *one* medicine which fulfills all these requirements is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy with a record of over forty years of cures to recommend it; a remedy, the makers of which print its formula on every bottle-wrapper and attest its completeness and correctness under oath; a remedy, every ingredient of which has received the written endorsement of the most eminent medical writers of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar diseases; a remedy which has more *bona-fide* cures to its credit than any other sold by druggists for woman's special requirements. It is not given away in the form of "trial bottles" to be experimented with, but is sold at a fair price by all dealers in medicines.

Delicate, weak, nervous women should especially shun the use of alcoholic medicines which, from their stimulating and exhilerating effects may seem, for a time, to do good, but which from the inevitable effects of the alcohol in shrinking up the red corpuscles of the blood are sure to do great and lasting harm in the long run. Besides they beget a craving for stimulants which is most deplorable.

Only invigorating and nerve strengthening effects can follow the use of this famous medicine for women. It can not possibly do harm in any state or condition of the system. It has been carefully adapted to woman's needs by an experienced physician—a specialist in their diseases. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, neuralgia, hysteria, spasms, St. Vitus's dance, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the uterus. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

You can't afford to accept a *secret* nostrum as a substitute for this PROVEN REMEDY OF KNOWN COMPOSITION.

### "The Blood is The Life."

Science has never gone beyond the above simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgement are effected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. Foul, impure blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches and purifies the blood thereby curing pimples, blotches, eruptions and other cutaneous affections, as eczema, tetter, or salt-rheum, hives and other manifestations of impure blood.

Dr. Pierce's advice is given *gratis*. It costs you nothing, but may be worth *much* to you. Next to obtaining Dr. Pierce's *Personal* advice, you will find his great book—The People's Medical Adviser (1000 pages) offers valuable suggestions to invalid women, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps (to cover cost of mailing) for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.


# How United States "Makes Money"

A remarkable thing about the United States coining system is that the government loses money in coining gold, but makes a big profit in coining pennies. In a $10 gold piece there is exactly $10 worth of gold and 10 per cent of copper—put there to harden the precious metal. To this must be added the cost of minting. A silver piece of money is about half profit, but the penny pays best of all.

The copper disks, or blanks, for new cents are bought by the carload from a firm at Waterbury, Conn., which has a contract to supply them at the rate of 67,500 per million. That means that the United States government obtains for 2 3-10 cents the copper blanks which, by the process of stamping, are transformed into one dollar's worth of pennies.

What becomes of the millions of pennies coined each year by the government is an unsolved problem. To supply the demand the mint at Philadelphia must keep on turning out new pennies at an average rate of 4,000,000 per month.

The copper cent of course has its beginning in a copper mine. After smelting the copper is bought by agents who sell it to the Waterbury firm, in whose factory it is melted and mixed with tin and zinc—according to a recipe prescribed by the treasury department—and then hardened and made into bricks. These bricks are cut into slices the thickness of a cent and the strips passed through machines which stamp out little round disks just the size of a cent.

The blanks are next put into boxes and shipped by the carload to the mint at Philadelphia, where they are stamped with the head on one side and the denomination on the other.

In addition to an enormous quantity of copper cents the Philadelphia mint turns out millions upon millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver coins every year.

The gold and silver bricks are cast into long strips just the width of the coins, and from these strips the coin disks are cut by machines with heavy punches. Next the disks are fed into a tube which drops them one by one between two dies. The dies come together with enormous pressure and stamp the familiar impressions seen on our coins.

To make the counterfeiting of its paper money as difficult as possible, the United States government spares absolutely no pains in the making of gold and silver certificates. They are printed on peculiar paper, most difficult to imitate. Then there are elaborate scrolls and devices covering the bill which only the most skilful engraver would attempt to duplicate.

The certificate paper has silk threads running all through it and can be manufactured only by powerful and expensive machinery, quite out of reach of the ordinary counterfeiter. So far as known no counterfeiter has ever been able to imitate this paper.

Before the paper reaches the bureau of engraving and printing each piece is guarded just as carefully as though it was already a thousand dollar bill. The bills are printed very carefully on small presses and then fed into curious little numbering machines which automatically stamp on the letter and number of the series.

The question is often asked, "What becomes of all the old, soiled, worn-out and mutilated currency?" The "ones," handled most, are first retired, their average life being about three months. The "fives" last almost five times as long, while the "50's," "100's" and "500's" look clean and invite after years of service.

Many people refuse old bills. Not so the United States government, which maintains a home for them and is always ready to redeem them at their full face value. The government rule is that when three-fifths or more of a mutilated bill is sent in for redemption the face value will be paid for it.

There is a federal statute with appropriate penalties against the mutilation of coin, but the average man when he gets a coin into his possession will naturally resent the assertion that the coin is not his own personal property to dispose of as he pleases, but merely a measure of values and a portable representative of tangible holdings. But the latter statement is a fact just the same.

A man may spend a ten dollar gold piece he has earned, but if he drills a tiny hole in it and turns the coin into a watch-charm or a pendant for his daughter's necklace he is liable to arrest.

Mutilated silver—and by mutilation is meant any perforation of the coin or scratch or defacement upon it—is redeemed by the government at forty per cent of its face value. This is a little less than the market price of the silver of which it is composed, and purposely so, for it is the federal policy to discourage tampering of any kind with coin of the realm.

The old and worn out bills are destroyed—reduced to a pulp in a large macerating machine at the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington.

After maceration it is utterly impossible for any one to find any evidence of money in the pulp, even the small silk threads which run through all genuine notes becoming a part of the whitish pulp.

The pulp is sold to dealers who make images of the American eagle, the capitol, the treasury, busts of presidents and other famous men, each tiny image representing from $5,000 to $15,000 of destroyed bills. There is always a good demand for the souvenirs.—New York World.


### FREE DEAFNESS CURE

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading ear specialists in this country. Dr. Branaman offers to all applying at once two full months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure permanently Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh in every stage. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut street, Kansas City, Mo.

### EMOTIONAL STOMACH ACHE

The solar plexus is the emotional brain, says Prof. Francois Guyot. An emotion that attacks us is felt there first. Thus, if we feel anxiety, it may give us, if severe, a positive stomach ache. It may even be productive of nausea. Grief such as comes from bereavement may produce like symptoms. Spasms of hate or terror would have like effect.

While the brain does the thinking, Prof. Guyot opines that it does not feel. The cerebrum, the major part of the brain, is the intellectual but not the emotional center. The brain represents the intelligence. The spinal cord and the cerebellum, the latter the little brain not yet well understood and attached to the brain proper, govern equilibrium and the muscles of the body. But the emotions are located in the sympathetic nervous system ramifying through the body. Their chief center is the great plexus of nerves which lies against the backbone and embraces the stomach.

This does not think, but it feels. What it does not feel is not felt at all, apart from pure intellectual cognition, and its purely passive and subjective sensations may often be regarded as warning of danger or possible mischief well worthy of serious and thoughtful consideration. — Chicago Tribune.


### BARBERS IN VIENNA.

The Barbers' and Wig Makers' union in Vienna are very stringent in their examination before they admit any new members to their society. Only fully competent persons are allowed to practice, and to prove their capabilities must first show that they thoroughly understand the disinfection of razors, brushes, etc., used in their craft, and also how to keep the razor sharp and use them to the best advantage. Even so, the man who successfully passes the examination of the union is required to serve an apprenticeship for two years before he can take a shop of his own. Women barbers are also admitted to the Austrian union, but they are required to apprentice themselves for three years before they can go into business on their own account.


### WASHABLE FLOUNCE.

You can have a washable flounce on your new silk petticoat if you wish. Many lingerie flounces are seen on silk foundations, much beruffled and finished with countless fluffy ruffle rosettes of soft white ribbon. Some lingerie petticoats are trimmed with numerous chiffon ruffles, decorated with fine valenciennes lace and insertion. A pretty blue silk petticoat is trimmed with triple ruffles of lace and handsome insertion. Skirts of this kind are usually worn with a lingerie gown. Perhaps there are no articles of dress so beautifully trimmed as the petticoat, unless, perhaps, it is something found among the dressing robes. The finest are of silk, satin chiffon and crepe de chine, with trimmings of everything pretty for the purpose.


### ADMITTED THAT MUCH.

"But," she persisted, "you can't deny it. A woman's life is made up of sacrifices."

"Of sacrifice sales, yes," replied the brute, her husband.—Philadelphia Press.

# QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

**The Pyramids.**

Will you tell something about the pyramids? Who is supposed to have built them? How long since, and how large are they?—L. B., Gresham, Ore.

If Herodotus was right, the Egyptians considered the pyramidal form as an emblem of human life; the broad base was significant of the beginning, and its termination in a point of the end of our existence in the present state; for which reason they made one of this figure in their sepulchres. In ancient times the Egyptian pyramids were regarded as forming one of the seven wonders of the world. They are built mainly of a hard limestone, but large blocks of granite are also used, especially on the outside. The pyramids were intended both as monuments and tombs, for they contain one or more sepulchral chambers, quite small, however, when compared with the total mass. They appear to date from the period of the third dynasty to the twelfth, say 2,500 or 2,000 B. C., after which none was built. Each pyramid was commenced over a sepulchral chamber excavated in the rock, and the work went on during the lifetime of the king for whom it was intended. A low, narrow passage was kept open as the tiers of stone were added, in order that access might be attained to the central chamber from without, and when the monarch died the work ceased and the last layers were then finished off and the passage closed up. The pyramids now standing, all in middle Egypt, are divided into five groups, containing in all about 40 pyramids. The district in which the pyramids stand begins above Dashur and extends by Sakkara and Memphis, along the western margin of the valley of the Nile for about 60 or 70 miles, the last group being but a few miles above Cairo. This last group, which is in the neighborhood of the ancient Memphis, is the most remarkable. It consists of nine pyramids, and comprises the three most celebrated monuments of the kind in existence, namely, the pyramid of Cheops, called the Great Pyramid; that of Cephen, and that of Mycerinus—the last much smaller than either of the others. According to Herodotus the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops. It took 100,000 men working ten years to make the causeway 3,000 feet long, to facilitate the transportation of the stone from the quarries; and the same number of men for 20 years more to complete the pyramid itself. Herodotus further describes the method of building by steps, and raising the stones from layer to layer by machines, and finally casing the external portion from the top down. The pyramid at present covers an area of more than 12 acres. The base is about 750 feet square, but was formerly 768 feet. The perpendicular height, which before the disappearance of the apex was about 482 feet, is now 451 feet. The area at the top is about 12 yds square. The outer casing of small stones has been removed, and the appearance of the sides now present is that of a series of ascending steps. By these steps, which number 208, the ascent is made comparatively easy, though the lower ones are four feet ten inches high. The contents of solid masonry has been estimated at 82,111,000 cubic feet. The only entrance is on the north face, 49 feet above the base, though the masonry about has been so much broken away that the debris reaches nearly up to it. The sepulchral chamber is 46 feet long by 27 feet 5 inches wide, and 19½ feet high. From the entrance passage another branches off and leads to several other passages and chambers. One of the latter, known as the queen's chamber, is situated about the center of the pryamid, 67 feet above the base. It measures 17 feet broad by 18 feet 8 inches long, and 20 feet 3 inches high. The other, called the king's chamber, is reached by an offshoot from the queen's passage, 150 long. Its dimensions are 34 feet 3 inches long by 17 feet 1 inch wide, and 19 feet 1 inch high. The chamber is lined with red granite, highly polished, the single stones reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and the ceiling itself is formed of nine large slabs of polished granite extending from wall to wall. The chamber is supposed to have contained a wooden coffin with the mummy of the king, and that these long since died opened, when the pyramids were first opened and plundered.

**Virginia Farm Lands.**

Could you tell me through your paper if the farm lands of Virginia have lost their usefulness as good crop producers?—C. K. C., Lansing, Mich.

No. Corn grows in all sections of Virginia and is worth more than any other two crops combined, although tobacco is the characteristic crop. The value of the crop of hay also exceeds that of tobacco. Wheat is a staple crop and is the fourth in value. Oats, buckwheat, rye, and barley also grow in large quantities. In the Tidewater belt peanuts are the leading crop.

**Gen. Jackson's Indian War.**

Will you please give me the date and a brief sketch of General Jackson's wars with the Indians in Florida?—B. G., Millport, Ala.

August 30, 1813, an Indian outbreak in Alabama, known as the Massacre of Fort Mimms, resulted in General Jackson calling for volunteers. Within a month he had sent Colonel Coffee with 500 cavalry, to Huntsville, Ala., and followed him shortly after with reinforcements. Finding on November 3 the town of Talladega, in which the enemy were entirely worsted, leaving 299 dead on the field. Jackson pushed forward, having now about 1,000 troops, raiding the Indians wherever he could find them, always with success. This continued until the latter part of March, when the Creeks made their final stand at a bend of the Tallapoosa river, about 50 miles from Fort Strother, having about 900 warriors. Here Jackson completely crushed them, 557 dead Creeks being found on the battlefield. This for the time wiped out the Indian movement in Florida. In 1818, as a result of internal disturbances in Florida, Jackson got permission to invade the state, which he did so vigorously that at the end of three months he had restored order, and nearly brought on war with Spain and with England.

**Richard S. Ewell.**

Please give a sketch of the Confederate general, Ewell.—E. M., Port, Ky.

Richard S. Ewell was born in Georgetown, D. C., February 8, 1817. He entered the United States military academy at West Point, from which he was graduated in 1840, and was appointed to duty on the western frontier, where he served until 1845, and was then for one year on coast duty. His first active service was in the Mexican war, where he took part in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Moline del Rey and Chapultepec. He was brevetted captain of dragoons August 4, 1849, and did frontier duty in New Mexico in 1850-'57, and engaged in the Gila and Pinal Apache expeditions in 1857-'59, when he encountered the Apaches in a skirmish on the Gila river. He resigned his commission in the United States army May 7, 1861, and joined the Confederate forces. He served in the Manassas campaign, 1861, and was engaged at White Oak Swamp, Cedar Mountain, Kettle Run and the second battle of Manassas, 1862. He took part in the Maryland campaign of that year, during which he was severely wounded. He was made lieutenant-general, at the request of General Jackson when he was fatally wounded, and assumed command of the 2d corps upon the death of that general. He commanded Jackson's veterans at Winchester, Gettysburg, the Wilderness and other engagements of the campaign. General Ewell and his whole force were captured at Sailor's Creek April 6, 1865. He is said to have been a bold, honest soldier, and accepted in good faith the inevitable fall of the confederacy—having for some time foreseen the hopelessness of the cause. General Ewell died at Springfield, Tenn., January 25, 1872.

**A Majority Vote.**

What is a majority vote? An organization's constitution says its president shall be elected by ballot on a majority vote. There were 15 votes cast for five candidates one received; 6, one 4, two 2 each, and one 1. A says there was no election; he says the candidate receiving 6 votes is elected. Who is right?—C. N. M., Cavelier, N. C.

A majority vote means that the winner must have a majority of all the votes cast. A is right, there was no election. Eight votes would be required to elect in the above case.

**The Isle of Pines.**

Will you please tell what you know about the Isle of Pines? What would be the prospects there for a man with a family? What kind of crops do they raise there?—A. W., Hale, Mich.

We cannot advise a man with a family to go to the Isle of Pines for permanent residence until he has first investigated the conditions himself. Our inquirer doubtless knows that the Isle of Pines is an island in the West Indies. It is 35 miles south of the coast of Cuba, to which it belongs. It has an area of about 900 square miles. The island is picturesque, with mountains, extensive plains and many small streams. A marsh extends from east to west, dividing it into unequal parts. The climate of the island is mild and salubrious. The soil is poor and sandy. The principle products are cattle, tobacco, pine, mahogany, cedar and other woods, sulphur, spirits of turpentine, pitch, tar, marble, rock-crystal and tortoise-shell.

**T. J. Hudson.**

Please give a brief sketch of T. J. Hudson. What books did he write?—J. B., Burlington Junction, Mo.

Thomas Jay Hudson is a philosophical writer. He was born at Windham, O., February 22, 1834. After studying law and being admitted to the bar in Cleveland, O., in 1857, he practiced three years, was engaged in journalism in Michigan 1860-1876, and was principal examiner in the United States patent office 1886-1893. He has published The Laws of Psychic Phenomena; A Scientific Demonstration of the Future, and The Divine Pedigree of Man.

**Silvering Mirrors.**

Will you please print a recipe for resilvering mirrors —H. H. T., Lafayette, Tenn.

This is usually done by coating the glass with an amalgam of tin or similar alloy. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone table is provided; upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tin foil without crack or flaw; this is covered uniformly to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleansed from all grease and impurity, is floated on to the mercury carefully, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with weights in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid, which is received in a gutter around the stone. After about 24 hours it is raised gently upon its edge, and in a few weeks it is ready to frame. It is said to be desirable to have the lower end of the glass, from which the mercury was drained, at the bottom of the frame.

**Nelson A. Miles.**

Please give a biographical sketch of General Nelson A Miles.—J. H. K., Fairfield, Ia.

Nelson A. Miles was born at Westminster, Mass., August 8, 1839. He was a clerk in a Boston mercantile house at the outbreak of the civil war, and left his business career to accompany a company of volunteers, and entered the army as a lieutenant in the 22d Massachusetts regiment. In 1862 he was promoted to the rank of coloned, commanding the 61st New York regiment. He was engaged in the battles of the Peninsula, before Richmond, and at Antietam, and in every battle of the Army of the Potomac, with one exception, until the surrender of Lee. He was distinguished in the battles of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, Reams Station, Richmond campaign of 1864, and many other important battles of the war. In May, 1864, he was promoted brigadier-general, and in 1865 major-general of volunteers. At the close of the war he entered the regular army and was commissioned colonel of the 40th United States infantry. He attained the rank of brigadier-general in 1880, and of major-general in 1890. He successfully conducted several important campaigns against the Indians, and did much to open up for civilization large portions of the west. In 1874 and 1875 he defeated the Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches in the States and country; he also subjugated the hostile Sioux and other Indians in Montana, driving Sitting Bull across the frontier and breaking up the bands that were led by him and other chiefs.

In December, 1877, after a forced march over a distance of 160 miles, he captured Chief Joseph and his tribe of Nez Perces after a hard-fought battle of four days in Montana; in 1878 he intercepted and captured Elk Horn and his band on the edge of the Yellowstone Park. In 1886 he subjugated and forced to surrender Geronimo, Natchez and the band of Apaches that had made a large portion of the southwest uninhabitable, thus restoring peace and prosperity to Arizona and New Mexico. For his services up to this time he received the thanks of the legislatures of Kansas, Montana, New Mexico and Arizona. Later, he settled the Indian troubles in the Dakotas, saving the country from a war that had threatened for years. In 1894 he was in command of the United States troops sent to Chicago at the time of the railroad strike; and in October, 1895, succeeded to the command of the United States army. He represented the army at the scene of the Turco-Grecian war, and at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. In 1898 he conducted the brief campaign in Porto Rico, and took possession of the island. In June, 1890, he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In December, 1901, General Miles was officially reprimanded for publicly expressing his approval of Admiral Dewey's report on the Schley case. In 1902 he made a tour of inspection to the Philippines, and on his return filed a report which called forth considerable controversy by its denunciation of some of the abuses he had found in the conduct of military affairs there. In August, 1903, he was retired from active service.

**Neal Dow.**

Will you please give the readers of The Blade a biographical sketch of Neal Dow? The 29th of March is to be Prohibition Day in Nebraska for the W. C. T. U. Nebraska is going "dry," and we hope soon to make her a prohibition state.—J., Nebraska City, Neb.

The temperance reformer was born in Portland, Me., March 20, 1804. His parents were Quakers. He was educated in both public and private schools and at the "Friends'" academy, at New Bedford, Mass. His business career began in his father's tannery, the details of which trade he soon mastered. During those years he kept up his schoolday studies, making books his chief companions, and most of his pocket money went for the purchase of new books. As soon as he attained his majority he became his father's partner and retained his interest in the tannery until 1875.

In 1851 Neal Dow was elected mayor of Portland, re-elected in 1854 and served in the state legislature during 1858-59. At the outbreak of the civil war he raised the Thirteenth Maine regiment, of which he was appointed colonel, and accompanied Gen. Butler's expedition to New Orleans, suffering shipwreck on the voyage, but escaping serious injury. In 1862 he was commissioned rigadier general and placed in command of the national troops stationed south of New Orleans; subsequently he was transferred to the command of Pensacola, and from there to Carrollton, above New Orleans. In the siege of Port Hudson, May 27, 1863, he led a gallant charge, in which his brigade lost in killed and wounded every field officer and 53 per cent of the men. He was himself twice wounded and, while lying helpless, was taken prisoner and confined in Libby prison, Richmond and Mobile for nearly a year, after which he was exchanged for Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He was much broken in health through his captivity, and being now over 60 years of age, he resigned from the army in 1864.

Neal Dow's interest in the liquor problem began in early manhood. Intemperance in Maine was alarming. Dow himself wrote: "In every city, town, village and rural district in this state, every tavern was a rumhole and every grocery was a groggery. The valuable pine timber with which the state abounded was sent to the West Indies and the returns were almost nothing else than West India rum and molasses. The distilling business was very large. In Portland alone were seven distilleries, often running night and day. The farmers were all poor; their farms and buildings were neglected and dilapidated, and everything about the country, as well as about the towns, had decided marks of the presence of the drink demon."

The Maine Temperance Union was organized about 1836, and Gen. James Appleton, one of its members, drafted a memorial to the legislature demanding the abrogation of all license law, but such measures were deemed too radical at that early date. However, Neal Dow, who by this time had become an active leader in opposition to the liquor traffic, kept up an aggressive warfare and concentrated all his powers to the enactment of prohibitory legislation. He devoted much time and money to missionary work throughout the state and in endeavoring to educate public opinion, and several times he was attacked by personal violence. While serving his first term as mayor of Portland he drafted an amendment entitled "A bill for the suppression of drinking houses and tippling shops," prohibiting the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor except for medical and mechanical purposes and the arts, providing for the search of suspected places, for the seizure, condemnation and confiscation of such liquor found and for the punishment by fine and imprisonment of persons trafficking in it. His friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, but he went to the legislature, secured a hearing May 30, 1851, in the hall of representatives before an immense crowd of citizens, and it was so highly approved that the committee unanimously accepted it. The bill was printed that same night and distributed among the members the next morning; it was passed by both houses and signed by the governor June 2, 1851. This act became known throughout the world as the Maine liquor law. It was largely through the instrumentality of Gen. Dow that in 1884 an amendment to the constitution of Maine was adopted by an overwhelming popular vote, which forever forbade the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale of any intoxicating beverage, and commanding the legislature to enforce the prohibition.

Gen. Dow died in Portland, Me., October 2, 1897.

**Miscellaneous.**

E. D. B., Andover, N. Y.: "A woman who possesses the qualifications to vote for village or for town officers, except the qualification of sex, who is the owner of property in the village assessed upon the last preceding assessment roll thereof, is entitled to vote upon a proposition to raise money by tax or assessment."

B. H. H., Alma, Mich.: Your question is indefinite as it stands. Tell us just what you want without requiring a complete history and record of conferences and we will be pleased to answer.

S. E. P., Emporium, Pa.: Your parents' cousins would be second cousins to you; cousins' children would be third cousins.

A. N., West Union, O.: The Sherman anti-trust law was passed July 2, 1890.

L. A. D., DeGraff, O.: We cannot find the necessary statistics with which to definitely reply to your question.

A. W., Chalk Hill, Pa.: Your English teacher should be able to furnish you with the information you want. We cannot go into a question of the kind in these columns.

J. B. T., Prospect, Pa.: The United States ambassador to Brazil is Irving B. Dudley. You will have to write to him for the information you want.


# Kokomo Woman Gives Fortune

## To Help Women Who Suffer.

In the past few years Mrs. Cora B. Miller has spent $125,000.00 in giving medical treatment to afflicted women.

Sometime ago we announced in the columns of this paper that she would send free treatment to every woman who suffered from female diseases or piles.

More than a million women have accepted this generous offer, and as Mrs. Miller is still receiving requests from thousands of women from all parts of the world, who have not yet used the remedy, she has decided to continue the offer for awhile longer, at least.

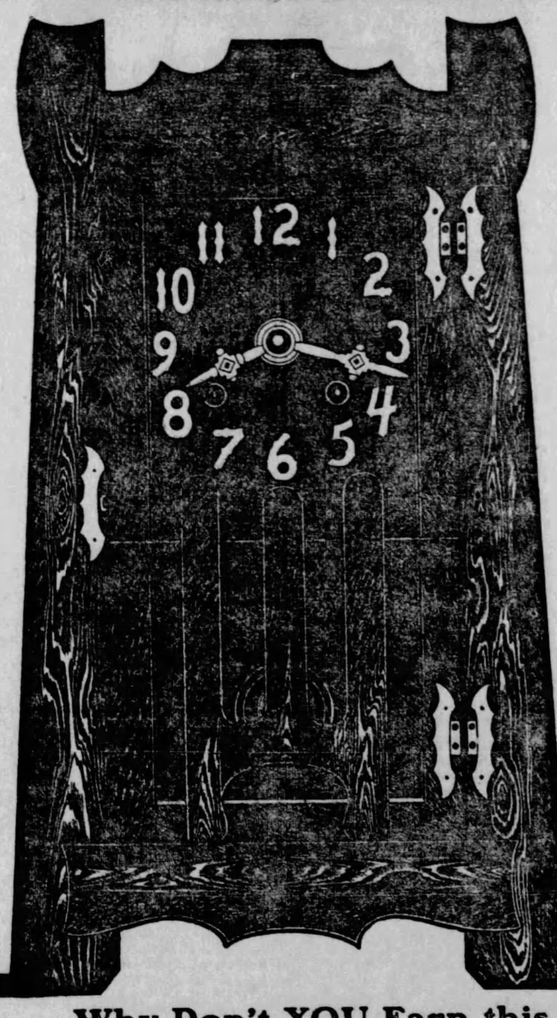
This is a simple, mild and harmless preparation that has cured so many women in the privacy of their own homes after doctors and other remedies failed.

It is especially prepared for the speedy and permanent cure of leucorrhoea or whitish discharges, ulceration, displacements or falling of the womb, profuse, scanty or painful periods, uterine or ovarian tumors or growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, and piles from any cause, or no matter of how long standing.

Every woman sufferer, unable to find relief, who will write Mrs. Miller now, without delay, will receive by mail free of charge, a 50-cent box of this simple home remedy, also a book with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home without the aid of a physician.

Don't suffer another day, but write at once to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 10017, Kokomo, Indiana.





## Mission Styles

Have become more than the fashion in the homes of the wealthy and the well-to do middle classes. I venture to say that the great majority of up-to-date homes have at least some mission furniture. That is why I am showing our readers today a Mission Clock of the choicest design. This is a clock for the parlor or dining room, and it is simply an elegant beauty as such and fits equally well in the sumptuous home of the millionaire or the plain and cheerful fireside of the workingman's house.

I have just began shipping these clocks to the readers of this paper on an extra liberal premium offer, and if you could only see the letters I am getting from those who are so pleased and surprised at this superb timepiece, I know you would not hesitate a minute, but would write at once to get one of these clocks.

All you need to do is to send your name and address.

The clock is sent free, prepaid—remember the premium is prepaid—it costs you nothing whatever, not even the freight charges.

I am not telling you that you can get this clock free for nothing, as it is altogether too fine a clock for anybody to give away, but it is a fact that you get it for a very few hours work. You can earn it in a single afternoon. Perhaps you can earn it by simply asking your friends to call and see the clock. Anyway no harm is done. No harm to send your name and address and let us send you the material to earn the clock. You do not have to earn it if you decide that you haven't the time after having made your effort. But I know you will want this grand Mission Clock. So send your name and address today.

## Cathedral Chimes

Brass hands and figures and an eight-day movement—these are the features of our grand Mission Clock. The clock is nearly two feet high, made solid and substantial throughout. Everything absolutely first-class. Look carefully at the picture of this clock, and you will see that it is designed to meet the tastes of artistic people. It is a clock that fits into good homes. The chimes I think are as fine as any chimes I have ever heard on the most expensive hall clocks. The clock chimes every hour and half-hour. It is a beautiful, sonorous, pleasing tone.

Imagine, if you can, this beautiful Mission Clock in your diningroom or in your parlor. Picture it to yourself with the rest of your furniture, and imagine how the furnishings all through the room are elevated and improved by this one clock, for that is the characteristic of genuine mission furniture. Instead of glittering merely, and making other things in the room look old and cheap in comparison, a Mission Clock like this shows off the room as a whole and helps all the surroundings.

If the clock, or clocks, you now have fail to keep good time, if you have to set your clocks backward or forward every few days, imagine what it will be to get this perfect timepiece with its 8-day movement.

We absolutely guarantee this clock to be a perfect time-keeper. If anybody in your family carries a first-class Elgin, Waltham, or Burlington watch, you can compare the clock with the watches, and you will find the clock always absolutely accurate. When this clock says seven o'clock, you know it is seven o'clock, and not two minutes after seven, or two minutes before seven. That is one of the good features of having such a clock in the home. Now you know how to get this clock. It is not free, neither can it be earned for nothing. It will take several hours work. All you need to do is to send your name and address, and we will send the material to earn it and no harm done, if after trying you decide you haven't the time. But when you get the big picture of my clock, showing you just how that clock really looks, you will gladly put in the hour or two it takes to earn it, rather than give it up.

So send your name and address today. That is all.

# Why Don't YOU Earn this Grand Clock FREE FOR A FEW HOURS' WORK

I HAVE received a few thousand of these magnificent Mission Clocks to distribute free to one woman in each town or locality. I will give you the opportunity, if you write me at once, of securing this prize without one cent of expense on your part—only a little work in my behalf. **I even pay the freight charges** and deliver the clock to your home.

This is probably the finest premium ever given out on my plan. This grand Mission Clock is not an ordinary mantel or desk clock, but is nearly 2 feet high, most artistically finished in the true mission antique style, heavy, massive effect. It needs to be wound only once in eight days. It has a beautiful cathedral chime. It chimes the number on the hour and also chimes once every half hour. The above cut is an accurate photographic illustration, greatly reduced in size, and will give you a faint idea of the elegance of this truly magnificent clock. You can get this clock without one cent of expense. Read my offer. **Be the first lady** in your locality to write me.

**MY OFFER** Send me the free coupon printed below, with your name and address filled in, and by return mail I will send you, postage prepaid, my outfit, which will enable you to do the little work that I require for this magnificent 8-day Mission Clock. All I ask you to do is to help me for a few hours in your immediate vicinity. No canvassing or soliciting required—only a little introductory work which nearly anyone will be glad to do for this elegant prize. If you do not find the service that I ask you to do easy and simple you can drop the whole matter and no harm done. Simply send me the free Clock Coupon below and I will write you by return mail and this Mission Clock will be yours in a few days time.

**I Pay You Just for Trying** You can easily do the little service I require in one day and earn the wonderful Mission Clock. So certain am I that you can do this that I run all risk, sending you the complete outfit and instructions all postage prepaid just as soon as I receive the coupon. If you find you have not the time you need not do the work. Could anything be fairer? I am certain that you can easily and quickly do the work and earn the magnificent Mission Clock for your trouble—so certain am I of this fact, that, without a moment's delay and without any deposit whatever, I will send you the complete outfit and instructions all postage prepaid. The way I pay you can stop any time and get a beautiful present just for looking into it.

**AN EXTRA GIFT** right away just for trying. I won't tell you what it is as I want to surprise you, but if you just send your name and address I will send you the extra gift by return mail, postpaid, just for writing AT ONCE.

**THIS MISSION CLOCK** is the very latest idea in clock-making—elegant in design and one of the handsomest clocks ever produced. The illustration will give you some idea of its exquisite beauty, but the picture cannot depict the superb finish and the finer lines of its symmetric and harmonious design. It is a fit companion for the grandest works of sculpture or of the plastic arts. It will lend poetic beauty and artistic effect to your parlor or your guest's chamber. It is a rare ornament as well as a fine timekeeper and will make any place in the home the better for its presence.

This clock has the latest improved eight-day movement with the celebrated Swinging Pendulum and hard steel pallet escapement. Its process of manufacture is the crowning achievement of invention and discovery on the part of the greatest clock makers. There is less friction and less wear on the works of this clock than on those of any other make. Just think of the size of this wonderful clock—nearly 2 feet high. Handsomely finished and polished brass hands and dial figures. Beautiful mellow cathedral chimes announce the hour and also strike on the half hour. The movement of the clock is absolutely and unquestionably guaranteed for a long period of years.

**IN EVERY PARLOR** there should be a mantel-clock such as this. It is the "proper thing" nowadays to have a mantel clock, and we want to give you something extra fine in a mantel clock. Hence we have selected a genuine Mission Clock as described above and illustrated here. Imagine this clock standing on your mantel or on your table in the front room. What a superb piece of decoration, and at the same time such an excellent timekeeper! How your friends will admire it, this masterpiece of art! How happy the men folks in the family will be that they have a clock in the house which absolutely keeps right time at all times. Surely you want this grand genuine Mission Clock in your parlor.

**REMEMBER** this magnificent 8-day large-size Mission Clock is yours as a gift, freight prepaid, just for lending me a little time; I only assist as in your neighborhood. You will be very liberally for doing this service, and nearly every one who simply makes the attempt can surely secure this clock.

**Send No Money**

**JUST SIGN THIS COUPON** with your own name and address and you need not bother with a letter as the coupon alone is enough (or you can drop us a postal or letter if you do not use the coupon) but write at once, sending only your name and address. I will then send without delay full instructions regarding the slight service that I want you to do for me in your neighborhood. Then the beautiful Mission parlor clock is yours as a gift, free and freight paid. Do not delay. This offer is strictly limited. Better write at once. Sign and send the coupon now.

GEO. A. FULLER
Secretary
46-48 West Monroe Street
CHICAGO

GEO. A. FULLER, Sec'y, 46-48 W. Monroe St., Dept. 5851, Chicago.
FREE CLOCK COUPON
Dear Mr. Fuller:—I want the 8-day Mission Clock. Please get it ready to ship to me at once. Send me all particulars of your offer, how you pay the freight, how I can get the clock AT ONCE, prepaid, your present just for trying.
Name .....
Address .....


### A WOMAN'S WAY.

Mr. Peter Penson was not only very much in love with Miss Mabel Wentworth, but very anxious to tell her so. He had met her at a seaside resort, and the time and the place and the extraordinary beauty of the young lady had done their fatal work. But though he had called several times he had never found her alone.

It therefore became necessary for him to adopt an expedient—and one which would cost as little as possible; for Mr. Peter Penson was extremely cautious in expenditure.

Miss Mabel's home was not far from the park. What could be more effective for his purpose than a walk in that verdant locality?

"Will you," he managed to whisper one evening, "take a walk with me in the park tomorrow afternoon?"

"What for?" replied Miss Mabel in astonishment. The idea of walking in a park had never occurred to her since she had become a young lady. No one ever did it.

Peter blushed. The thought had never occurred to him that there would be any difficulty.

"Why," he stammered, "there was something I wanted to say to you, and——"

"Can't you say it here?"

"Hardly. We may be interrupted at any moment."

Suddenly Mabel smiled. An idea came to her.

"I tell you what," she said. "Let us take luncheon at the Switzerland. It's quite proper, you know. And then——"

Peter shuddered as he thought that the Switzerland was the most expensive place in town.

"And then," continued Mabel, "we might go to the matinee. Let's see. I should like to see The Bird's Nest. They say it's fine. You can talk to me between the acts."

"But," objected Peter, "others would hear us."

"Very well, then. We might walk through the park. It will be dusk by that time. Shall I expect you tomorrow?"

Peter replied, "Yes," but he did it with a heavy heart.

"And be sure," was Mabel's parting injunction, "to reserve a table at the Switzerland—and you'd better get the seats at once. I never like anything outside of the tenth row. And oh, Mr. Penson, pardon me for speaking of it, but it might rain. In which case I should prefer an electric cab."

Peter that night prayed that it would be pleasant the next day. But, alas! Providence was not with him. It did rain. And how it rained!

Promptly at 12 o'clock, however, he and his electric cab were at the door of Mabel's house. And in 20 minutes more they were seated in the front window of the Switzerland restaurant.

Miss Mabel took up the card with the eye of an expert, and before Peter had time to breathe she had ordered n

# TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1908.

**Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.**

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

**Circulation Last Week 183,000**


There is never any reduction in the wages of sin.

It sounds good and hopeful to hear it referred to as the late panic.

No doubt there are men in the country who really like to be driven to drink.

Some men have no trouble at all falling in love with an heiress at first sight.

There is no law against Leslie M. Shaw starting a presidential boom for himself.

There was never a hat made that would not look pretty if worn by the right woman.

Wherever Mr. Bryan goes as a peacemaker—as in Kentucky—he is sure to stir up trouble.

Straps should be suspended in the Taft bandwagon for the convenience of the late arrivals.

Bad little boys are hereby notified that Arkansas alone produced 228,563,000 shingles last year.

No doubt Governor Hughes can think of a lot of things he would rather be than vice president.

We may as well begin to wonder who is going to be the Republican candidate for vice president.

An Alabama judge advises wives to "wear the pants." Which leaves the men to still wear the trousers.

Maybe passing through the straits won't be as dangerous to the Pacific fleet as attending the banquets.

A Washington physician declares that the grip is catching. And it will catch you if you don't watch out.

Governor Hughes has let it be known that he would accept the presidential nomination, but he will not talk for it.

A California professor predicts that within another decade the house cat will have disappeared. Yes, but won't it come back?

When news is dull in some far-away corner of the earth, a story of the Japanese sketching a harbor or something is always in order.

The small boy that doesn't try to make more noise than some other small boy is not in good health and should receive medical attention.

Governor Cummins thinks Senator Allison is too old to longer remain in the senate. Then the senator must be at least 150 years of age.

The announcement that Governor Hughes will accept the nomination if he can get it, is not the least bit surprising to shrewd politicians.

A New York man has figured that "it costs the country $150 a minute to run congress." But isn't it a fact that congress is running the country?

The winter wheat crop is reported to be in excellent condition, but the pessimist will readily see that there are several weeks in which to kill it.

It does us a lot of good when some man gets up and contradicts the astronomers. Too often those fellows have their own way about some things.

Probably it is the fact that the groundhog doesn't do any of the things he's given credit for that makes him so interesting. Most of us are lovers of tradition.

Mrs. Cecile Jacques declares that American men might live to be 100 years old if they would all wear corsets. But really, isn't there some easier way to attain that age?

The Philadelphia Inquirer sums up the Thaw case in this manner: "A gay young woman married a bad young man who in turn killed a bad old man. And there you are."

It certainly couldn't have been expected that the Bryan withdrawal rumor would make more than two or three jumps from the starting point before being captured.

If something terrible doesn't happen to the Pacific fleet the prophets of disaster may be so thoroughly disheartened that they will resolve never to make another prediction.

An Illinois woman named Silver is going to marry a man named Gould. Such an event would have occasioned considerable comment during the memorable campaign of 1896.

The Atlanta Journal notes that prohibition seems to have put the pistol out of commission to a large extent. There is apparently no end to the good things prohibition sometimes accomplishes.

Every now and then somebody jumps up and asks for a definition of a real Democrat, and there seems no possible chance that the question will be finally answered in time for the 1908 election.

The Chicago Tribune, after what it calls a careful survey of the whole field, feels warranted in saying that "Mr. Fairbanks is practically sure of the whole country, except that part of it outside the boundaries of Indiana."

The revenues for the Philippines last year were $17,000,000 and expenditures $14,000,000. In view of the fact that Democrats have been free to talk about the enormous cost of the islands to the United States these figures are interesting.

## TAFT OPPOSITION FAST DISAPPEARING.

Have the anti-administration forces retired from the contest or are they concentrating their strength for a determined assault on the Taft camp?

This puzzle suggests itself in a discussion of the present political situation. One hears little else except "Taft, Taft." His friends are active in every state of the union. Republican organizations without number are declaring for him in expressed deference to public sentiment. All through the west, Taft appears to have the call. There are demands for him from the south, while entire sections of the east are swearing their allegiance to the Ohioan's standard. It is not a boom in the sense that it springs from the organized effort of skilled politicians; rather it is the spontaneous uprising of Republicans who after an intelligent survey of the field have reached the conclusion that the secretary of war is the Man of the Hour—the one best equipped to complete the work begun and advanced by the Roosevelt administration.

There have been spasmodic efforts to check this movement by friends of the other candidates. Taft's availability has been questioned and his weaknesses brought into discussion. Enemies of the President, men who have no unkindly feeling for Taft himself, have asserted with vehemence that he is too close to the administration, too much wedded to its policies, but in spite of all criticisms, the popularity of Ohio's candidate continues to grow and the strength of other candidates to diminish correspondingly.

The center of hostility to the administration is in New York city, and it is there, if anywhere, that trouble might be brewed for the Taft campaign. Harriman has past grievances and prospective dangers for goads to his political activity, and he lives in an atmosphere of Rooseveltphobia. Wall street and its environs, including also most of the financial groups, can see no good in anything or anyone that is championed by the President, and there is little doubt that these interests are straining every nerve to stop the Taft stampede. But at the very outset they find themselves handicapped for they dare not work in the open. Whenever they denounce the administration the people become more insistent for a candidate of the Roosevelt type.

Moreover, these interests cannot agree on a candidate. Cannon is too old, Fairbanks cold, Knox too much of a corporation lawyer, La Follette impossible, and Hughes inscrutable. In fact the last mentioned is the only eligible one in the list, and they are not sure that he would answer their purpose should he be nominated and elected. But what is quite as important there is reason to believe that Mr. Hughes will not consent to be their candidate. Read carefully his reply to the Republican club and you will observe that it is most guarded, as if the governor were suspicious of the men fostering his candidacy. He cannot fail to see the drift of things. The Republicans whom he would personally wish to advocate his cause are engaged in another direction and as for Wall street's support, he knows it is poison to the man commanding it. But it is the plan to commit Mr. Hughes and then turn Odell loose on the organization of the state, and we do not believe that the governor will stand "hitched." Such an alliance is revolting to his nature.

With Hughes eliminated of his own volition, there would not be much doubt that Secretary Taft would receive a large vote from New York. In all sections outside of The City, wherever a test was made, he ran a close second to the governor, and it is admitted that Hughes, next to Roosevelt, is the strongest Republican in the state. If there is anything certain in the political horoscope, it is that the President and the governor will be in perfect accord before the Republicans of New York hold their convention and that the proceedings will determine William Howard Taft's nomination at Chicago.

## NEW YORK'S BARGE CANAL.

That the proposed 1,000-ton barge canal between the Hudson river and Lake Erie, for which the people of New York have voted to tax themselves in the amount of $101,000,000, will not accomplish the purpose aimed at is the belief of Superintendent of Public Works Stevens.

In his annual report, Mr. Stevens discusses the mammoth project at some length, and obviously with the view of laying the actual facts before the people. When the enlargement of the canal was broached as far back as 1894, a nine-foot improvement was the maximum suggested. But by the time the state showed a disposition to undertake the project, nothing but a twelve-foot canal would meet the increasing demands. And now, in the opinion of the superintendent, with only four per cent of the work completed and 20 per cent under contract, it is advisable to modify the plan by securing the co-operation of the government and transforming the canal into a deep waterway.

In support of his argument, Mr. Stevens points to the policy of Canada, which is planning a deep waterway from the Georgian Bay to the St. Lawrence, which will constitute the shortest water route for the products of the northwest to the seaboard. "Canada," he says, "in the race for commerce, must be dealt with as a rival," and the only way to retain for New York her commercial supremacy is to construct a deep waterway connecting the Hudson with lakes Erie and Ontario.

Even if the present plan is to be carried out, the superintendent regards a radical change in methods imperative. By dividing the work into small contracts, slow progress is made and unnecessary expense involved, for every contract requires an individual plant. But it is evident that this criticism is used as an auxiliary to Mr. Stevens' argument in favor of the abandonment of the barge canal. While considerable money has already been spent, it is cheaper to stop now and begin aright than to go on with the work, only to find it, on completion, obsolete.

The fact is, as Mr. Stevens endeavors to show, the people acted in haste when they committed themselves to the barge canal, and their experience ought to be a valuable lesson. No public project of such magnitude should be undertaken until it has been carefully considered in all its aspects. And it is of prime importance that due consideration be paid to the future. When it was first proposed to enlarge the Erie canal, it was thought that a 12-foot channel would be ample, and now, before the work can be said to be well under way, it proves to be wholly inadequate.

In view of the superintendent's showing, it is quite within reason to prophesy that the legislature now in session will order, as it is empowered to by the canal bill, the abandonment of the barge plan and memorialize congress for a deep waterway, as Mr. Stevens recommends.

## EARLY ADJOURNMENT.

Speaker Cannon's notice to chairmen of appropriation committees to have their bills ready to report by April 15, presages an early adjournment of congress. Aside from the currency bill there is little legislation of importance before congress. So far as the currency measure is concerned, the lower house is hopelessly divided, and there is little possibility of the members getting together on the Aldrich bill. The western members are outspoken against it, and it is not believed that even Speaker Cannon can bring them into line.

Congressional conventions will be held early this year because of the presidential campaign. For this reason congressmen want to get away from Washington. A large per cent have fences to repair in their districts, and they do not want to be cooped up in Washington, hundreds of miles from the "dear people." If a currency law is to be enacted they may be driven to agree to some plan in order to bring about an early adjournment. The public welfare does not require that they should remain in Washington.

## SENATORS FOR TAFT.

The most significant feature of the poll taken of Republican senators for presidential preference is the distribution of the Taft sentiment. There are 60 Republicans in the senate, and 48 of these indicated their choice. Twenty-nine were outspoken for Taft and nineteen favored other candidates. The Taft vote came from seventeen states and was confined to no section, the New England and middle states being liberally represented


## The Blade's Popular Premium

# NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS

**This Announcement Is of Interest to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.**

The demand of our subscribers for Blade premium curtains will never cease. It is an article useful in every household, and since we give them, and do not sell them, it is a matter of real benefit to subscribers of The Blade. Already have we given nearly 100,000 pairs of these curtains to our subscribers, and in arranging for this season's supply, which will be larger than ever, we find the cost of manufacturing increased fully twenty-five per cent. Notwithstanding this we shall continue to give them more freely than ever. We have these curtains made especially for our purposes—all of them being exactly the same pattern, so that subscribers getting pairs at intervals will always find them to match. Each curtain is 30 inches wide by 2½ yards long, and we always send two curtains (or one pair) postpaid by mail to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

**How to Obtain the Premium.**

On the first day of each month we shall mail notice to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, giving choice of several propositions for renewal. All who send us a club of ten or more subscribers according to proposition number 3 will receive one pair or two pairs of these curtains postpaid by mail. By February 1st many whose subscriptions expire during February should have our propositions. If not received by February 4, drop us a postal and we will promptly mail a duplicate. We shall be disappointed if each subscriber does not renew under one of our propositions, as The Blade is the cheapest and best weekly newspaper in the world, and will be the most popular paper printed during the coming presidential campaign. While all should renew under one of our propositions, we shall be prepared for the majority to send us clubs of ten or more, and avail themselves of our curtain propositions. It will be noticed that we do not now make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enable us to take care each month of those subscribers whose time expires dur. g the current month. We now make this offer to February subscribers only, and thirty days later the March people will have their turn and so on in order of expirations. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. Remember, unless you accept one of our February propositions by March 1st, you will never have the opportunity again, because beginning with that date we shall deal with March subscribers only. In the meantime, if you do not renew, your name would be dropped from our list, and your address would be lost to us. We hope to have a renewal of all of our February names and a large number of new ones as well.


## THE MONEY QUESTION IN COUNTY LOCAL OPTION.

Fearing the enactment of a county local option law by the general assembly, the brewers and their supporters are working themselves into a frenzy. They are crowding into Columbus and are bringing tremendous pressure to bear on legislators to induce them to defeat the bill.

The one great cry the liquor men have raised is that county option will financially embarrass the state and will cause an increase in taxes. Weeping hypocritical tears for the "poor farmers," they declare county option will make the burdens of the agriculturists unbearable.

The farmers, on the contrary, are not alarmed and are flooding their representatives with petitions and letters asking for the privilege of settling with the saloons in their respective communities. The farmer is not to be fooled. He knows county option will not increase his taxes, and if it did, he places the morals of his boys and the boys of his neighbors above a few cents.

Local option is not a new thing in Ohio. It is not an experiment. Town after town has outlawed the saloon and has not gone broke. It has become an established fact that the prosperity of a city or town does not depend on grog shops. The brewers raised the cry to save their heads, but it is not true.

There are now nearly 500 incorporated cities and towns in Ohio which have no saloons. The experience of one dry town led to a neighboring corporation taking similar action, until at this time more than half of the whole number of municipalities in the state are without open saloons. If absence of saloons hurts business and increases taxes these towns, or many of them, would not have so voted.

Scores of Ohio towns, after trying local option for two years, have voted the second time under the provisions of the Beal law and in a great majority of cases the dry victory at the first election has been emphasized at the second. If the experiment had not been beneficial, would not the people have voted to again permit saloons to do business?

The fact is, these municipalities have found it better in every way to get along without saloons. From a money standpoint they are ahead of the game. The brewers cannot point to a town in Ohio living under local option for two years which has an increased tax rate due to the absence of saloons. If they know of such a town why do they not point to it to strengthen their badly shattered arguments?

On the contrary, these towns report better times; bills more promptly paid; better trade in the comforts and luxuries, as well as the necessities, of life; less crime; less pauperism; less idleness; smaller police court dockets, fewer disturbances; more comfortably clothed children in the schools; more happy homes.

What is true of the municipality would be equally true of the county. The facts all over the state are against the contention of the brewers.

There are, approximately, 10,000 saloons in Ohio. Under a county option law this number would probably be reduced one-half. If 5,000 saloons are closed the decrease in the Dow tax would be $5,000,000. But what do the people worse than waste to secure this $5,000,000? On the authority of a prominent brewer the daily receipts of the average saloon are $20. If a saloon does business but 300 days in the year it takes in $6,000 over the bar. At this rate 5,000 saloons would receive $30,000,000 a year.

In other words, to retain these 5,000 saloons for the taxes they pay, the people worse than waste $30,000,000.

Is that a good business proposition?

Leaving good government, sobriety, morality and the welfare of men, women, boys and girls out of consideration and treating the question from purely an economic standpoint, the brewers and their friends have not a single point in their favor.

And, over all, remains the fact that in demanding a county option law the people are merely asking for the privilege of dealing with the saloon themselves, a privilege which legislators cannot reasonably deny.

## JOHN P. WALSH GUILTY.

Last week John P. Walsh was found guilty by a federal jury of misapplying the funds of a national bank on 54 counts. The minimum penalty on each count is five years.

Mr. Walsh, a few years ago, possessed wealth estimated anywhere from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000. He was a banker, a newspaper proprietor, a railroad builder and a manufacturer. He controlled three banking institutions, including the Chicago National, and was regarded as one of the city's shrewdest business men.

His troubles began when he loaned half a million to a customer who was operating a stone quarry in the southern part of Illinois. Eventually he was compelled to take over the property. He found there was no outlet for the product, and in negotiating with the railroads he thought he was being given the worst of it. His Irish nature rebelled and he projected a railroad of his own. He became heavily involved and there was danger that his entire fortune would be swept away. It was then that he began borrowing large sums from his Chicago banks on memorandum notes. It is claimed that he watered his railroad corporations and exchanged the water for bank funds. In so doing he violated the federal banking laws. His three banks were forced into liquidation and but for the heroic action of the Chicago clearing house, that guaranteed depositors against loss, a panic would have followed.

Mr. Walsh admitted on the stand that he was a heavy borrower and that proceeds from the sale of bonds and memorandum notes were transferred to his personal account, but he disclaimed criminal intent. However, the government made out so strong a case that ten of the twelve jurors voted to find him guilty on every count, and there were more than a hundred. The verdict as rendered was in the nature of a compromise, although it mattered little to the defendant whether he was convicted once or a hundred times.

If the verdict of the jury stands, John Walsh will be America's richest criminal.

In his case it is not believed that greed for gain tempted him. It was more of an accident than anything else that drove him into the railroad business and when he found opposition in his path, his one thought was to overcome it. He had never known defeat and he did not hesitate to throw his great wealth into the balance against his enemies. More, he imperilled the funds of others, and finally his reputation.

It is poor consolation for him now that his business affairs promise well. "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

## TAFT AND NEW YORK.

Secretary Taft's letter to Chairman Parsons, of the New York county committee, wherein he advises his friends to refrain from fighting with Governor Hughes for control of the state delegation, was the surprise of the week in political circles and is variously regarded. Politicians who prefer the sandbagging game call it a tactical blunder, while they who believe in diplomacy rather than in war are praising the secretary for his sagacity.

It is not likely that Secretary Taft wholly eliminated the personal equation when he pleaded for harmony in the councils of New York Republicans, for it is an argument that is growing more potent ever year. In the old days it was the practice to secure a nomination by fair means or foul and trust to discipline to force the recalcitrants into line. Party loyalty was strong and insurgents few in number. But times are changed. Voters won't always respond to the commands of their leaders and if they have any reason to suspect dictation they promptly balk.

Secretary Taft is more interested in party success than in his own elevation to office. He is firm in his belief that the welfare of the nation demands a continuation of the Roosevelt policies and he is satisfied that in the present state of public opinion there is no danger that the Republican convention will nominate a reactionary. And as far as he can contribute to the situation he purposes having his campaign so managed that whoever is chosen will have practically a united party back of him.

In pursuing this course the secretary is both politic and patriotic. He does not want the nomination if to secure it he must resort to means that might spell defeat in November. On the other hand we are of the opinion that his very attitude in the New York situation will strengthen rather than weaken him. It should put him on good terms with the governor and the governor's friends and insure him liberal support from that state if it develops that Hughes cannot win. As is well known Taft is today New York's second choice. If he made a vigorous campaign to divide the delegation of that state with Hughes, and lost out, the governor's friends would have a good excuse for fighting Taft to the last ditch. But, under the circumstances, they will not dare to ignore the sentiment of the Republicans in that state who want Taft if they cannot get Hughes.

## HARRIMAN'S LINES

The government, through Attorney General Bonaparte, has finally announced its program with reference to the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific relations. On investigation it has concluded that there has been a violation of the Sherman act and accordingly suits will be instituted to compel a dissolution.

These roads, with several others, constitute the Harriman system, in which Edward H. Harriman is the controlling spirit. He it was who conceived the scheme of organization and carried it to a point of perfection where, it is alleged, competition has been almost wholly eliminated.

The suit will be conducted on lines somewhat parallel to that of the Northern Securities case. It will be an action to dissolve a merger organized in violation of the Sherman law. There is no intention on the part of the government to destroy the value of the several properties, but an effort will be made to restore them to their lawful operation.

## THE PIPE OF PEACE.

A Pittsburg coal operater, ascertaining that his employes, the miners, were threatening to strike when the law requiring the use of smokeless powder goes into effect, invited them to be his guests at an exclusive club. They accepted the invitation, took their pipes and tobacco with them and enjoyed a heart to heart talk.

The operator explained the purposes of the law and its value to the men. Smokeless powder costs a few cents more than other powder, but it means greater protection for the miners. Accidents are less likely to happen and he pleaded with them that safely should not be weighed in the balance against the extra cost.

The men listened and many of them, participated in the discussion. The leaders saw the point made and gave it their hearty approval. Doubtless they were convinced that the condition of the market would not warrant a demand for an increase in wages equal to the extra cost of the powder. At any rate, they accepted the operator's statement and agreed to remain at work.

The point of this little story is plain, but because it has been urged so often and has been practiced so little, repetition will do no harm. There is not the wide gulf between capital and labor that is so frequently claimed. The difficulty lies not in conditions but in misunderstandings. When the capitalist realizes that he is dealing with human beings not automatons, and the employe realizes that his employer is not a monster but a man, imaginary differences will disappear. And the Pittsburg operator merely demonstrated a truth, that it is easy, once capital and labor touch elbows and talk it over, to get together. Unreason flees before the argument of intelligent, thinking men.

## PUZZLED THE LAWYERS.

When a Philadelphia lawyer admits that he is in doubt as to the meaning of a judicial opinion, it is not surprising that laymen are mystified. The supreme court of Pennsylvania decided against the state in the suit instituted by the Pennsylvania Railroad company to test the validity of the two-cent rate law, and it was heralded far and wide that the court had held the law unconstitutional.

It develops, however, that the court did not pass on the constitutionality of the law, but confined its opinion to the specific case of the plaintiff. The company presented testimony which the state could not, or did not, successfully attack, showing that the passenger department was being operated at a loss on a two-cent basis, and on this statement of fact the court gave the road the relief demanded.

The opinion was so ambiguous that members of the court were entreated to straighten out the tangle, and the conclusions reached are: that the court had no other road in mind than the Pennsylvania; that a more favorable showing with returning prosperity may compel even that road to get back to a two-cent basis, and finally, if other roads desire similar relief they must go through the same process of appealing to the court and furnishing evidence of their inability to carry passengers at two cents a mile without loss.

Friends of the measure maintain that the opinion, by implication, upholds the constitutionality of the law, but the failure of the court to pass affirmatively on the question is nevertheless a keen disappointment.

## A SCIENTIFIC TARIFF.

The principle embodied in the bill of Senator Beveridge providing for a permanent tariff commission is one that, we believe, will receive the endorsement of the people. The purpose is to delegate to a body of experts the task of investigating all matters relating to the tariff in order that deductions may be drawn from a scientific basis.

If the principle of the bill is preserved in future legislation, the tariff question will be as far removed as possible from the domain of politics, and that will be an important consummation. Heretofore the tariff, which furnishes a very considerable part of our revenue, has been subordinated to political exigencies, without much consideration for the public welfare. Democrats have preached free trade because Republicans have advocated protection, and neither party when in power has directed its tariff legislation solely in the people's interest.

The Beveridge bill creates a commission of five members, one of whom will be informed on questions relating to production, another an attorney who is a specialist in customs and tariff laws, a third an expert in the administration of tariff laws, a fourth having knowledge of foreign commerce and competition, and a fifth an authority on prices and costs of production. It is proposed that these commissioners shall be appointed for a term of seven years on liberal salaries, and shall be clothed with full power to investigate the tariff in all its phases.

Senator Beveridge has undertaken what should have been accomplished years ago, and probably would have been, except for the politicians. The tariff is a problem that can be worked out mathematically and scientifically to a perfection that will redound greatly to the advantage of the American people. We have never yet had a tariff bill that was not full of gross inequalities, for the reason that its framers could not divorce this very important legislation from local or national politics. Special privileges, knowing the weakness of congressmen, have succeeded in wielding an unhealthy influence and in largely diminishing the effectiveness of tariff laws.

When the sentiment for revision of the Dingley bill began to take shape, The Blade urged that a new method of procedure should be followed in order to avoid the mistakes of the past, and recommended that the entire subject of the tariff be intrusted to a competent commission of experts who should ascertain the facts, deduce therefrom such conclusions as seemed wise and just, and submit the findings to congress for final disposition. It is hoped, therefore, that the principles of the bill introduced by Senator Beveridge will be preserved in an enactment of congress. The commission cannot be created too soon. The people are growing more insistent every day that the present tariff schedule be made more equitable.

## OUR WITHDRAWAL FROM CUBA.

Cubans are said to be much agitated over the announcement authorized by President Roosevelt that this government will withdraw from the island on or before February 1, 1909. Likewise, the decision is being criticised at home on the supposition that it is final and irrevocable.

But The Blade fails to see the force of this conclusion. If, when the time fixed for the withdrawal arrives, the island is in a state, or on the verge, of revolution, we have no doubt President Roosevelt will change his plans to meet the emergency. For the obligation of this nation to tranquilize Cuba is paramount to all other considerations and will not be broken.

But we are likewise pledged to restore autonomy as soon as conditions will permit. We have transacted the affairs of the island with success, and when we turn the government over to an administration selected by the people, we cannot be charged with negligence nor selfishness.

Cuba's national election will be held in December, and the President assumes that the new government will be ready to assume control by February 1. This does not mean that we will then wash our hands of all responsibility and let the island shift for itself. The Platt amendment will not be annulled or abridged by this action. But we will be fulfilling our promise to the Cubans, and until they demonstrate their utter incapacity to govern themselves, we shall not interfere.

Many residents of Cuba refused to believe that the island is capable of running its own affairs, and they are doing all they can to spread this opinion. Then there is an element in this country who insist on annexation and who will be grievously disappointed if the prospective government succeeds. These two interests, largely influenced by selfish motives, are responsible for the criticism of the President's decison. Others are content to await results.

## "THE POWERS AND MAXINE."

The above is the title of The Blade's new serial story, publication of which will begin next week. The story was selected from among a number of others submitted to us by the publishers, and the fact that it was chosen is the assurance that we have faith in it. We believe it will entertain our readers. The copyright privileges of quite a number of serial stories have been obtained, and our aim is to select those regarded as the best, the ones that will appeal especially to our readers.

## THE CENSUS OF 1910.

The thirteenth census of the United States will be taken on April 15, 1910. Heretofore it has been taken on June 1, but the change has been made on the suggestion of Director North, who believes that the earlier date will yield much more accurate results. So many people, especially in the large cities, go to the sea shore or mountain resorts before June 1 that enumerators are greatly handicapped in their efforts to obtain the desired information.

For the first time in the history of the country the work will be in charge of a permanent bureau which was established five years ago, its advocates claiming that it would save time and money. Director North is confident that the results will amply justify these claims, inasmuch as the skeleton organization thus maintained will have all the preliminary arrangements completed before the big rush begins.

It is estimated that the census will cost the government about .155 per capita and require an army of nearly 70,000 people, including 330 supervisors, 3,500 clerks and 65,000 enumerators. The total cost will approximate $14,000,000.

The thirteenth census will be restricted to inquiries relating to population, agriculture, manufactures, and mines and quarries. It is provided in the bill that there shall be a census of agriculture in 1915, and once every ten years thereafter, which shall show the acreage of the principal crops, and the number and value of domestic animals on the farms and ranges of the country.

It is proposed that in 1911 a sum not to exceed $50,000 shall be expended to ascertain the feasibility of securing information required for making comparisons between the number of domestic animals and the acreage of the principal crops on the same farms in succeeding years, the returns on which the comparisons are based to include for any county at least 70 per cent of the acreage of the farms in such county.

The constitution of the United States requires an enumeration once in ten years as a basis for the apportionment of representatives in congress. The modern American census, which collects statistics relating to every important feature of national development, is the outgrowth of that requirement. Beginning with six simple questions relating to population, the amount and scope of the information secured were steadily increased until it became too extensive to be tabulated by hand.

## BRYAN IN THE SOUTH.

New York Sun.

So-called "southern leaders," who do not lead at all, but are merely abject echoes of the Democratic machine, continue to assure their followers that Bryan is the appointed standard-bearer of the party. It is worthy of notice that they no longer assert his personal greatness, but confine themselves to the proposition that he will defeat any other candidate the Democracy may select. The question is not that of his actual fitness or of the honest preference of the voters. Democrats are told in plain words that they must nominate Bryan unless they would incur his enmity and thereby invite disaster.

It is a convincing proof of the decadence of the organization that its prophets resort to this particular expedient and that the Democratic multitudes accept it without protest. The party must be destitute, indeed, of brains and courage and virility if it is to be left without alternative in the event of Bryan's abdication. The fact that his leadership has hitherto been fatal, the further fact that he has lost at least two southern states to the party and has utterly failed to hold other Democratic fields bequeathed to him by former occupants—all this, and more that might be mentioned, seems to have escaped the notice of the south. Bryan's fuglemen still proclaim the doctrine of hopelessness, and the southern Democracy still absorbs it with patient and meek ignorance.

In this part of the country the Bryan hypothesis excites only sorrow and compassion. We know that Bryan could not possibly defeat anybody anywhere. The south's "solidity" would be assured in the event of a candidate other than Bryan, and outside of the south the most obscure and unconsidered substitute would have a better chance.

## THE INCUBUS OF JEFF DAVIS

Atlanta Constitution.

Without a doubt the Democratic party is unfortunate in some of the burdens it has to carry. Redolent with radicalism, Senator Jeff Davis, of Arkansas, looms in the spotlight as one of these. Old Atlas was never so pestered.

Mr. Davis' latest ebullition before a New York audience, in which he talks of insanity stalking abroad in the marts of commerce, and calls aloud for the absolute destruction of aggregations of capital, is scarcely calculated to appeal to that progressive conservatism, that high sense of justice upon which democracy must base its hopes.

In one breath Mr. Davis lauds William Jennings Bryan as the foremost of Democrats; in the next he lays at his door advocacy of policies of destruction at which even the conscientious socialist must stand aghast.

Neither the Democracy nor Mr. Bryan has ever demanded the absolute destruction of aggregations of capital. They have sought, and they will continue to insist upon, laws which will prevent oppression of the people by these private interests, and they propose to see to it that these laws are obeyed.

Mr. Davis cries aloud for annihilation. In that he is not only undemocratic, but in seeking to saddle his own extremism upon Mr. Bryan, he is weighting Democracy and its candidate down with a load which it never has proposed to carry and will not now.

It is the more unfortunate that such impositions should come at a time when the popularity of Mr. Bryan is waxing strong, and when the so-called conservative wing of the party is ready to accept the Nebraskan as its safest and sanest leader.

But there is hope in the fact that there is an absence of inclination to take the Arkansan any too seriously.

If Mr. Davis really wants to do the Democracy a service and make performance of profession, he could not do better than accept the offer of Steve Brodie, the one-time bridge jumper, who proposes to pay him $3,000 a week to go on the real vaudeville stage.

## TWAIN'S NEW DOG TALE.

Mark Twain blossomed out with a new dog's tale at the weekly banquet of the Pleiades club, at the Lafayette-Brevoort, says the New York Sun. The theme of the humorist was "How It Pays to Be Honest—When It Doesn't Hurt Yourself." He said he was starving with a chap named Davis in Washington in the latter '60's, and Davis told Twain to go out and rummage for $3 for Scotch whisky, while he'd stay home and pray.

Twain said he walked into a hotel and came on the prettiest dog he had ever seen in the lobby.

General Nelson A. Miles came in with three months' salary. Miles saw Twain fondling the dog, and offered Twain $10 for the animal.

"I haven't any right to sell this dog for $10," answered the humorist, "but if you'll give me $3 you can take the pup away."

Miles paid the $3 and took it away.

The real owner rushed in.

"I'll find your dog for $3," said Twain. The owner agreed. Twain walked upstairs, told Miles the situation, and got the dog back by paying $3, then received $3 for restoring it to the owner. He took three quarts back home to Davis, who drank it all and ignored Twain.

## HIS ONE CHANCE.

Captain John E. Pillsbury, the navy board's new member, said the other day in Washington of a recruit who could not shoot:

"The sergeant tried the fellow first at 500 yards, and he failed to come within a mile of the target.

"Then he was tried at 300 yards, then at 200, then at 100, and his last shot was worse, if possible, than his first.

"The sergeant looked at him disgustedly, got very angry, and walking up close to him shouted in his face:

"'Attention! Fix bayonets! Charge the target! It's your only chance!'"—Washington Star.

## VARIETIES

Mrs. Alexander, daughter of the late Gen. Torrence, eloped with English lawyer.

A Cleveland, O., store had this sign in one of its windows a few days ago: Red Headed Boy Wanted.

Dr. Wiley reports that the lives of Americans are shortened by the use of drugs as preservatives of foods.

Viscount Hayashi, Japanese minister of foreign affairs, says drastic measures will be taken to prevent emigration.

Japanese cabinet, by majority of nine votes in lower house of diet, escaped censure and possible dissolution.

The largest wooden building in the world is said to be the Parliament building at Wellington, New Zealand.

It is said that dried currants given occasionally to horses in lieu of oats will increase their power of endurance.

Great Britain has invested in foreign bonds over $15,000,000,000, of which $5,000,000,000 is in America, not including Canada.

A school of languages for parrots has been established in Paris. The birds are taught to speak English, French, German and Italian.

The Swiss army will soon include a corps of volunteer motorists. They will have a special uniform and will be armed with revolvers.

The majority of color blind people, curiously enough, belong to the educated classes, of whom no fewer than 4 per cent have this defect.

A partridge which escaped the gunners of York county, Penn., has joined a flock of turkeys on the farm of Thomas Brown, near Dallstown.

People in some of the apartment houses in Des Moines, Ia., are obliged to sign agreements in their leases not to cook onions or cabbages in their flats.

Employes of the Fifth Avenue Bank in New York are told that they must shun the fast life in its every form if they expect to stay with the institution.

Judson Harmon in an address at Nashville, Tenn., ascribes recent financial troubles and commercial distresses to the high tariff, which he says feeds trusts.

At the Cage Bird association's recent show, in the Royal Horticultural hall, London, was exhibited a king bird of paradise valued by its owner at $5,000.

The American Locomotive company, of Richmond, Va., has just set up 80 locomotives and two steam shovels for the South Manchurian railway at Dalny.

For a number of years the United States has maintained in Puerto Rico two battalions, or eight companies, of native troops, at an annual cost of $150,000.

Dr. Jacob H. Hollander, the noted economist of Baltimore, is advocating a public utilities commission as the only logical solution of the municipal ownership question.

In the stomach of a two-pound carp, which he had pulled from the Passaic river, William Pudney, of Belleville, N. J., recently found a woman's diamond ring, valued at $100.

At present there are 30 people living in Barnet, Vt., who are more than 80 years of age, 18 women and 12 men. The oldest is Mrs. Margaret Gleason, now in her 97th year.

There are some grand old pines left in Newcastle, Me., on the Bryant lot. Some believe they are original "punkin" pine. They are four feet in diameter and nearly 120 feet high, that have escaped the ax and saw.

Wireless telegraph messages have been received at Point Loma from Sitka, a distance of 1,906 miles. This is the longest distance across which a message has been sent on the Pacific coast.

Capt. John E. Francis, of Salem, has sailed around the cape of Good Hope 35 times during his career at sea. He is 73 years old and is one of the few old-time sea captains now living at Salem.

Captain Koneo, a Japanese military officer, has arrived in Springfield, Mass., with permission from the war department to study the manufacturing of rifles at the United States armory there.

Naturalists in England say that the squirrels laid up for this winter larger hoards of nuts and acorns than they have ever been known to do before. This is regarded by many as a sign that the season will be unusually severe.

H. C. Ferguson, of St. Louis, gave up his seat in a street car to an elderly woman, a stranger to him, who asked his name and address, and a few days later he received an envelope containing a $5 note.

A German biologist has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate we get an entirely new brain every 60 days.

Probably the oldest minister of the gospel in the world is Rev. John Shaeffer, who recently celebrated the 102nd anniversary of his birth at North Benton, O. For 60 years Mr. Shaeffer has preached each Sunday.

The biggest shipment of shoes that ever went out of Lynn in one wagon was taken over the road to Boston recently. There were 400 cases representing 14,000 pairs of shoes loaded on a dray drawn by four horses.

Rabbi Bernhard Felsenthal, the oldest Jewish theologian in the United States, who recently died in Chicago, was recognized as the world's greatest Hebrew scholar. He was born in Germany and had been a resident of Chicago since 1855.

Woodsmen at a lumber camp in Greenwood, Me., have good appetites. The cook reports that he makes each day 300 large biscuits, 150 doughnuts, 36 pies; he bakes six quarts of dry beans, with potatoes, vegetables, etc. There are 35 men at this camp.

A little Southern girl was sent to a boarding school in New York. When taken for a walk she seemed to be much interested in watching automobiles. After a while she pointed to the extra tires on the passing machines and timidly inquired, "Why do they carry life preservers?"

Hiram L. Spencer, one of the veteran poets of the country, is spending the sunset of his life in a quiet country home at White Head, New Brunswick. He was born in Vermont in 1829. His best-known poem, "A Hundred Years to Come," was written when he was at school.

A scientific contemporary of across the sea tells us that at present it is estimated there are in the world's ocean 7,000,000 cubic miles of salt, and that the most astonishing thing about it is that if all the salt could be taken out in a moment the level of the ocean would not drop one single inch.

One of the latest ore-producing devices placed before the public is an electrical instrument, which, according to its inventor, says the Popular Mechanics, will locate free metals at almost any depth, map out the course and width of the vein and ascertain its exact position below the surface.

Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal church, has returned to his home in Baltimore after a trip around the world in which he covered approximately 40,000 miles. He was accompanied by Mrs. Wilson and the trip was undertaken to study and investigate work in mission fields.

In Constantinople the shoemakers are said to be all poets. While a customer is having a heel repaired or a shoe replaced the attendant recites extemporized or memorized verses to him. As the language is Arabic or Turkish, the American listener rarely knows whether he is hearing a good or bad verse.

Joseph Brant-Sero, a lineal descendant of the great Mohawk chief, Joseph Brant, is lecturing in England before large audiences. He was born on the Six Nations reserve in Canada, and was recently appointed a lecturer by the Personal Liberty League, which has many eminent jurists among its members.

The barbarous custom of using convicts in treadmills is still practiced in some English pris

# TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

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Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2245—Ladies' Military Coat, in Three-Quarter Length. Serge, Venetian cloth and cheviot are attractive developed in this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1873—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. The new handkerchief linens would develop well in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2210—Child's Apron and Bloomers. Figured gingham, or plain chambray make up well in this style. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2242—Boys' Russian Suit, Consisting of a Blouse Closed at Right Side of Front, with High Neck and Rolling Collar, or with Sailor Collar and a Removable Shield; and Knickerbockers. Suitable for striped or plain chambray. 4 sizes—2 to 5 years.

2247—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt, Closed at Left Side of Front and in Ankle Length. Any of the novelty goods make up well in this style. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2222—Misses' Eleven-Gored Faire Skirt. A suitable model to wear with the separate waists of silk or linen. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2249—Boys' Reefer, with Sailor or Notched Collar. Navy blue serge develops well in this style. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2228—Ladies' Vests. Fancy vesting materials are used for these models. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2234—Girls' Dress with plaited skirt and a separate guimpe. A good model for every-day school wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2248—Girls' Apron with Gabrielle front and with or without the bretelles. A pretty model for white or figured dimity. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

2229—Ladies' Kimono Wrap, in seven-eighths length. Broadcloth or lady's cloth should be used for this model. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

1523—Girls' Plaited Russian Dress, closed at centre of back and with detached sailor collar. A good model for early spring wear. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1806—Ladies' Jumper or Guimpe-Waist, slipped on over the head. Taffetas silk or cashmere is a good medium for this waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1408—Misses' Tucked Shirtwaist, with high or square neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves. A good pattern for batiste or silk. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years

1820—Child's Tucked Dress. A pretty model for thin woolen goods, linen or gingham. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

2029—Girls' Jumper Dress, with plaited skirt and a separate guimpe. Shepherd's plaid is a good medium for this pretty frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1437—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Jacket, with long or three-quarter length sleeves. For a separate coat, or as part of a suit this is an excellent model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2226—Girls' Box Coat, in seven-eighths length. Covert cloth, serge or Venetian cloth, make up well in this model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1360—Child's Coat. A suitable model for early spring wear. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

1354—Girls' Dress. Invisible checked French worsted develops well in this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1969—Ladies' Four-Gored Petticoat-Skirt, lengthened by a dust ruffle and with or without the tucked flounce. A good model for a drop skirt of taffetas. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

1494—Misses' Nine-Gored Flare Skirt. One of the best styles for a separate skirt of serge or cheviot. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2244—Misses' Dress. The waist with body lining, high or low neck and long or three-quarter length sleeves, and the four-gored gathered skirt joined to the waist and with or without flounce. Plain or figured batiste is the best medium for this dress. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1950—Ladies' Kimono, with skirt joined to the waist. Pretty and dainty developed in any material from crepe to muslin. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

**Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.**


# WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

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Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

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# TAFT WILL NOT FIGHT IN NEW YORK

## Makes It Clear He Does Not Want Friends to Conduct Campaign Against Hughes.

Washington, Jan. 24.—Secretary of War Taft is carrying out the policy in New York that he has directed his managers to follow in other states where there are candidates for the Republican nomination for the presidency. In a letter to Representative Herbert Parsons, chairman of the Republican county committee of New York, the secretary makes it clear that he does not want his friends to prosecute a campagin in New York as against Governor Hughes.

The letter, which was made public by Representative Parsons last night, is as follows:

"War Department, Washington, Jan. 23, 1908.

"My Dear Parsons:—I am aware that you and many other friends of mine in New York state, who are also friends of Governor Hughes, have hesitated as to the course to pursue in respect to the Republican nomination for the presidency. I wish you and them to know that as far as I am concerned, there should be no embarrassment in this regard. I have uniformly urged friends of mine not to attempt to divide in my interest the delegation from any state which has a candidate of its own. Since Governor Hughes has indicated his willingness to accept the Republican nomination, I now make the same request of you and my other friends in your state. Moreover, I would greatly deprecate a contest which might imperil Republican victory in New York in November. Anything that I can do to avoid this I am anxious to do.

"Very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"Hon. Herbert Parsons, House of Representatives."

# Objected to Being Called "Gentleman From Arkansas"

Washington, Jan. 24.—During the debate on the urgency deficiency appropriation bill in the house yesterday, Mr. Fulton, of Oklahoma, spoke for half an hour of the progress of his state, which, he said, outclassed many of the older states, and made an earnest plea for appropriations for federal buildings.

When he arose to speak the chair referred to him as the "gentleman from Arkansas." Mr. Fulton quickly corrected him, saying: "I have been accused of many ugly things, but never before have I been accused of coming from Arkansas."

This utterance aroused the ire of Mr. Robinson, of Arkansas, who sprang to the defense of his state. It was the first time, he declared, that he had heard uttered on the floor of the house a sentiment that would intentionally belittle any state in the union.

Mr. Fulton disavowed an yintention to hurt anyone's feelings or to slander the state of Arkansas. He uttered the remark, he said, in the utmost good humor, and he regretted the construction which had been placed upon it.

Immediately after making this statement he crossed over to where Mr. Robinson was seated, placed one arm on his shoulder and grasped his hand with the other. The act was applauded and the incident was closed.

# CASE INVOLVES MILLION

## Outcome Hinges on Legal Domicile of Mrs. Colton.

Washington, Jan. 23.—The case involving the question of the legal domicile of Mrs. Ellen M. Colton, who died here in February, 1905, leaving an estate of upward of a million dollars, was brought to trial yesterday before Judge Barnard in the distritc supreme court. In Mrs. Colton's will, Helen Marguerite Sacher, a great-granddaughter of Mrs. Colton, was virtually disinherited, while the bulk of the Colton fortune was left to Mrs. John B. Dahlgren, who endeavored to have the will probated in California. Miss Sacher is attacking the validity of Mrs. Colton's will, claiming one-half of the estate.

The first step in the case is to establish the domicile of Mrs. Colton. It is claimed that Mrs. Colton resided in Washington almost continuously from 1898 up to the time of her death, and during that period only spent five weeks in Santa Cruz, California.

It is expected that the trial will take up about two weeks, and that more than a hundred witnesses will be examined, some of them coming from France.

# CRUISER SENT TO HAITI

## Des Moines Will Protect Interests of Americans There.

Washington, Jan. 22.—Because of the disturbed condition in Haiti and as a guarantee for the protection of American interest, it has been decided to dispatch the cruiser Des Moines to that island with her headquarters in the vicinity of the troubled section.

The gun boat Eagle, Capt. Marvell, commanding, now at St. Marie, will look after the protection of these interests until the arrival of the cruiser, when she will resume her survey work around the coast. The immediate reason for the increase of the naval force in Hatian waters was the receipt of a dispatch from Capt. Marvell, which in addition to reporting the fact that St. Marie had been retaken by the government forces, added that a number of building had been burned and that the property of an American had suffered.

The Des Moines will reach Port au Prince about February 1. She is now on her way from Boston to New York and will take aboard her regular supply of ammunition at the latter place and at Norfolk, Va., on her way to Haiti. The Des Moines is in command of Capt. J. M. Potts.

# ATTACKS POWER OF CANNON AS SPEAKER

## Congressman Shackelford Says "Uncle Joe" Is Boldest Champion of Autocracy of the Age.

Washington, Jan. 25.—An attack on the power of the speaker was made in the house yesterday by Mr. Shackelford, of Missouri, during the consideration of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill. He said Speaker Cannon was the "ablest, boldest champion of autocracy this age has produced," and declared that the speaker exercised a "greater despotism than exists in any monarchy of Europe."

Speaker Cannon at this juncture entered the chamber and amid Republican applause took a seat in front of Mr. Shackelford, who asserted that before any bill could pass "you must bend your noble bodies forward in proper pose, fold your hands and say, 'O Lord, Uncle Joe, thy will be done and not mine.'"

He challenged Speaker Cannon "to rise in his place, not as speaker, but as a member of the Illinois delegation, and tell us how and when it was he shouldered the responsibility for the legislation that was to be enacted by simply becoming moderator of this deliberative assembly."

Speaker Cannon laughed.

Mr. Shackelford protested against the policy of "one-man power as an invasion of the law," and urged the members to "break down this autocracy and the rules in order that the people's representatives may do the things they want done."

# PLAN RECLAMATION OF SWAMP LANDS

## Secretary of Interior and Delegates From Several States Hold Conference.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The secretary of the interior held a conference today with members of congressional delegations from swamp land states, in order to reach an agreement on a bill for the reclamation of such lands. There were present Senators Flint, of California; Clapp, of Minnesota; Newland, of Nevada, and Lattimer, of South Carolina; Representatives Steenerson, of Minnesota; Wallace, of Arkansas; Acorn, of South Carolina; Sparkman, of Florida; Macon, of Arkansas, and Thomas, of North Carolina. Several bills are pending in congress for the reclamation of swamp lands, the essential principles of which are similar to the law for the reclamation of arid lands. They provide for setting aside funds from the sale of public lands in states having extensive swamp areas, the money to be used by the secretary of the interior in the construction of drain works, as needed, for the relief of swamp and overflowed lands. It is also proposed to have the general government guarantee bonds to be issued by states, to be secured by being made a lien on irrigation works to be provided from the proceeds of the land sales. All of the pending bills are now before Secretary Garfield, who will endeavor to frame a single measure that will be approved by all the senators and representatives from swamp land states.

F. H. Newell, director of the reclamation service, was present throughout the conference today.

# DEFIES COURT'S ORDERS

## Violates Injunction and Scores Justice Gould.

### Federation Has Dropped St. Louis Firm From "We Don't Patronize" List.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Although enjoined from making any reference to the controversy between the American Federation of Labor and the Bucks Stove & Range company, President Samuel Gompers, in an editorial in this week's issue of the American Federationist, comments on Justice Gould's recent decision at great length and declares a purpose not to comply with all its terms.

"It is an invasion of the liberty of the press and the right of free speech," declared Mr. Gompers. "We would be recreant to our duty did we not do all in our power to point out to the people the serious invasion of their liberties which has taken place. That this has been done by judge-made injunction and not by statute law makes the menace all the greater.

"The matter of attempting to suppress the boycott of the Bucks Stove & Range company by injunction, while important, yet pales into insignificance before this invasion and denial of constitutional rights. We discuss this question and feel obliged, as a matter of conscience and principle, to protest against its issuance and its enforcement, yet we desire it to be clearly understood that the editor of the American Federationist does not consider himself thereby violating any law of either state or nation, nor does he intend or advise any disrespect toward the courts of our country. And yet inherent, natural and constitutional rights and guarantees must be defended and maintained."

Mr. Gompers states that the services of some of the foremost lawyers in the country have been secured, and that the case will be carried to the United States supreme court.

The action against the Federation of Labor and its officers was brought in the supreme court of the District of Columbia on the ground that the publication of the stove company in the "We don't patronize" list in the American Federationist was in the nature of a boycott. Justice Gould's order has been complied with in this respect by dropping the stove company from the list.

# CONTEST FOR OKLAHOMA

## Taft Men Claim the First Delegation.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 25.—There is a sharp controversey as to whom the delegates selected in Oklahoma are for, between the Taft and anti-Taft leaders. In statements issued from the Taft headquarters here the claim is made that the delegates selected recently by the fourth congressional district have been instructed for Secretary Taft, while Clarence B. Douglas, editor of a Republican paper of the state, who is in Washington today, says that one of the delegates, Ed. Perry, is an anti-Taft leader. This is answered from Secretary Taft's Washington office that they have a signed statement from Perry declaring his allegience to Mr. Taft.

Says Mr. Douglas: "There is an apparent effort being made to lead the public to believe that the Taft sentiment is overwhelming in the new state and it occurs to me that the press bureau of the secretary is particularly active, and at times sacrifices accuracy to a desire to boom his candidacy. It is, of course, true that the office-holding Rough Rider element in the state of Oklahoma favors the candidacy of Mr. Taft. There was a time not long ago when the Taft movement succeeded in stampeding some Republicans, but a reaction has set in, and in my opinion there will be no instructions given at the state convention, and probably not in the district convention. As a matter of fact, the convention just held in the fourth district did not instruct its delegates for Secretary Taft, but on the contrary, selected as one of the delegates Ed. Perry, the most vigorous opponent of the Taft sentiment in the state of Oklahoma."

# CONDEMNS LAND FOR PORT

## Uncle Sam Takes Estates of Wealthy Men.

Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 22.—The federal government has ordered condemned forty acres of land between Fort Constitution and Fort Stark at New Castle, just outside this city, which will be the site of an extensive military post. The property includes many summer estates, among them those of Jacob Wendell, of New York, and John Barrett, of Chicago, which are among the finest in the state. Both owners have announced their intention of contesting any attempt on the part of the government to take over their property.

Plans for the new post have already been drawn and are in the hands of the war department. An initial expenditure of $400,000 is called for.

# 23,063 Killed and Injured on Railroads in Three Months

Washington, Jan. 22.—Startling figures appear in an accident bulletin just issued by the interstate commerce commission, covering the months of July, August and September, 1907. The report shows that the number of casualties on railroads during that quarterly period were 23,063, including 1,339 killed and 21,724 injured. This is an increase of 157 in the number killed 3,056 in the number injured, as compared with the corresponding period of 1906.

Collisions and derailments in the quarter numbered 4,279, including 2,245 cfolylisions and 2,034 derailments, of which 320 collisions and 222 derailments affected passenger trains. The damage to cars, engines and roadway by these accidents amounted to $3,605,696. This shows an increase in the number of collisions and derailments of 607 over the corresponding period of 1906.

It is stated by the commission that the worst accident in the present record causing the death of 26 persons and the injury of 33, was the result of a collision between an eastbound passenger train and a westbound freight train and was due to an error in sending or repeating the number designating one of the trains in a dispatcher's order.

# Wiley Will Teach Farmers to Make Denatured Alcohol

Washington, Jan. 25.—Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, reported yesterday to the house committee on agriculture the results of exhaustive experiments conducted by the bureau to determine the poisonous effects on the human system of such drugs as borax, benzoic acid, benzoate of soda, sulphate of copper, sulphur dioxide, formaldehyde and salicylic acid when contained in foodstuffs.

Dr. Wiley said that the expulsion of these and kindred drugs from the body is performed almost entirely by the kidneys, and that he is satisfied the term of American life would be lengthened if the use of such drugs in foods were wholly discontinued. He said he was convinced that kidney disease so prevalent among Americans, is partly the result of constant introduction into the system of such preservative substances as benzoate of soda carried in foods.

**Substitute for Sulphur.**

Discussing sulphur dioxide and its injurious effects, Dr. Wiley told the committee of a discovery just made by him that salt solution is a perfect substitute for sulphur in the whitening and drying of fruit. He exhibited samples of apples dried experimentally by the bureau. The sulphured fruit was not so white or tender as the salt cured. The committee was informed by Dr. Wiley of plans to teach farmers of the United States to make denatured alcohol.

Next August he proposes to erect a still at the bureau of chemistry and operate it himself for two or three months, producing denatured alcohol daily from damaged fruit and vegetable substances such as can be bought cheaply in the market. He has invited the agricultural colleges of each state and territory to send a representative to Washington to observe his still and master the process of distillation.

H. W. WILEY.

# ROOSEVELT AUTOCRATIC

## Senators Charge He Far Exceeded His Authority.

### After Spirited Comment Senate Refers Message to the Committee on Finance.

Washington, Jan. 23.—President Roosevelt yesterday transmitted to the senate and the house copies of the tariff regulations negotiated some time ago between the United States and Germany, together with a proposed amendment to the customs administrative act putting the same in force as a statute. In the senate the message aroused discussion in executive session when it was taken up. The remarks were not addressed to the message so much as to the policy of considering it in executive session as well as the policy of the President in connection with the agreement.

His course, not only in negotiating that instrument, but in proclaiming it to the world as he did last July, was sharply criticised.

**Amounts to Legislation.**

It was declared that the agreement makes changes which are equivalent to legislation and it was pointed out that all legislation affecting the tariff, must, under the constitution, originate in the house of representatives.

Attention was called to the third section of the McKinley law as possibly permitting the President's course, but his critics contended that his action in this case had gone far beyond the limits permitted by that section. Stress was laid on the fact that the President had not only negotiated the treaty, but that he had given it out as a complete performance without referring it to the senate for action.

This the senators seemed to consider as especially reprehensible and far beyond the authority of the chief executive. It was pointed out that the German kaiser had not only referred the agreement to the reichstag for its action, but that he had even consulted both the local and national boards of trade. Hence the President was charged with being even more autocratic than the head of the German empire. It was also declared that under the system valuations provided for by the treaty great injustice would be done to the United States.

Senator Heyburn made strenuous objection when the question was raised that the message was a subject for consideration in the open senate instead of behind closed doors. The Idaho senator maintained that an open senate debate would only plunge the senate into an almost endless tariff discussion.

**Session Was Open.**

Senators McLaurin, Teller and others called for open session, and their plea finally won but not before Senator Gallinger and one or two others had delivered their sentiments concerning the action of an executive in calling for legislation whenever the spirit moved him.

It was finally decided to refer the message to the committee on finance. If a bill is to be forthcoming it will be from that committee.

# HOT POLITICAL DEBATE

## Hitchcock, of Nebraska, Attacks Grosvenor's Figures.

Washington, Jan. 25.—While the urgent deficiency bill was under consideration in the house yesterday Mr. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, delivered a political speech in the course of which he attacked certain statistics of Gen. C. H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, regarding the political outlook. His remarks were devoted mainly to a plea for William J. Bryan for President. He spoke of the candidacy of Judge Parker and declared that it was not a case in which his personal strength was put to a test. "His weakness was," he said, "the weakness of the reactionary—the weakness of the general who was leading toward the rear and not towards the front."

In order to hurt Mr. Bryan his enemies had used letters written before Judge Parker's nomination, said Mr. Hitchcock, but no one pretended that Mr. Bryan had not loyally supported Judge Parker. He declared that Bryan received 130,000 more votes in Ohio in 1900 than Parker received in 1904, notwithstanding Bryan had as his opponent the popular Ohio President, Wm. McKinley, and added that while Judge Parker was a New Yorker he polled only about the same in New York that Bryan polled.

"There seems," he said, "to be a systematic conspiracy in high places among Republicans posing sometimes as the friends of the Democratic party, to misrepresent and distort the facts regarding Mr. Bryan's attitude toward Judge Parker. Bryan, instead of being the bane of the Democratic party, is its strength for the present and hope for the future."

Mr. Hitchcock became involved in an animated discussion with General Keifer, of Ohio, as to the accuracy of the figures of General Grosvenor. Mr. Ollie James, of Kentucky, interrupted with the statement that he had seen it charged that Senator Foraker said that President Roosevelt was "prostituting the selection of officials under the federal government for the purpose of beating him out of Ohio and giving it to Taft. Is that true?"

General Keifer responded that he was not responsible for what was said in the newspapers. Continuing, Mr. Keifer declared his surprise over the circumstance that the Democratic members applauded mention of the fact that in the two campaigns of Mr. Bryan that gentleman ran ahead of Judge Parker, whom he referred to as the "poor old judge."

The reading by Mr. Ansberry, of Ohio, of extracts from the last Republican platform on the money question provoked loud Republican applause, which was only interrupted by a demand from Mr. Mann, Illinois, that he read from the Democratic platform on the same subject. The suggestion, however, was not heeded. The subject was pursued no further, and the house at 4.58 p. m. adjourned until Monday.


## CUB'S FOOD

**They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.**

Healthy babies don't cry, and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

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"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



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# HUGHES AFTER A TOGA

## Has Roosevelt Pitted Against Him.

### Empire State Executive Supposed to Have Strong Secret Support.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 24.—Underneath the contest between Secretary Taft and Governor Hughes for the presidential delegation from New York state there is really a fight for a seat in the United States senate. The candidates for the senatorial toga are President Roosevelt and Governor Hughes.

To begin with, some time ago Gov. Hughes announced to his friends that he would not be a candidate to succeed himself. On frequent occasions he has reiterated this statement, and there is no longer any doubt that Governor Hughes will leave Albany for good at the close of his present term.

This announcement was made before Governor Hughes was taken seriously as a presidential candidate, and there is no doubt that he had his eye upon the United States senate when he decided to retire from the governorship at the close of his first term. But he has other ambitions as well as that of living in the White House, and one of them, it is said, is that of wearing the senatorial toga.

In some quarters it is stated that Governor Hughes agreed to become a presidential candidate with the understanding that he would have the support of those who are urging him to enter the race in a contest for the senate. Governor Hughes realizes that it is extremely doubtful if he can be nominated by the Republican party in Chicago with the opposition of President Roosevelt. Politicians generally agree that if Governor Hughes should ever become so formidable that he threatens to defeat Secretary Taft, the President will swing his influence to the support of some other candidate. Next to Secretary Taft, it is said that the President prefers Senator Knox, and it is thought that he would even accept Speaker Cannon rather than Governor Hughes. The President may not be able to name his successor, but he is without doubt in position to prevent the nomination of Governor Hughes or any other candidate.

With these conditions confronting Governor Hughes, it is generally thought he would not have announced his candidacy without having assurances that he would have the support of the Republican leaders of the state for the senate.

That President Roosevelt will also be a candidate for a seat in the senate has been taken for granted for some time. He has not been doing anything to push his candidacy other than keeping his hands on the organization of the party in New York, but with his retirement from the White House he will probably be forced into the race by his friends, and he wants to be in a position to make a winning fight.

# ORCHARD DECLARES HE HAS TOLD TRUTH

Cripple Creek, Colo., Jan. 25.—In a letter received in this city, Albert E. Horseley, alias Harry Orchard, confessed murderer of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, and principal witness in the conspiracy cases against

HARRY ORCHARD.

Haywood and Pettibone, leaders of the Western Feedration of Miners, reiterated the truth of his confession and says: "I have told the truth and would not go back on one thing if by doing so I would save my life and gain my liberty."

# IMMIGRATION ORDERS

## Issued by Japan to Reduce Outpouring of Natives.

Tokio, Jan. 25.—A reply from the American government to the last memorandum from Japan regarding the emigration question is expected at the foreign office this afternoon.

Stringent instructions have been given to all governors and other officials concerning the regulation of emigration along the lines of the future policy of restriction, which includes the prevention of emigration of laborers to America and Canada except under conditions satisfactory to the governments of both those countries. No laborers will be permitted to emigrate to Mexico.

An official order was issued to emigration companies today prohibiting all emigration to the Hawaiian islands, except in the case of relatives of Japanese already there.

# SHAW LEAVES N. Y. BANK

## Former Secretary of Treasury May Re-enter Politics.

New York, Jan. 22.—Leslie M. Shaw has resigned the presidency of the Carnegie Trust company, which he assumed early last March on his retirement from the treasury portfolio at Washington.

In explaining his resignation Mr. Shaw said that he had "small differences" with Chas. C. Dickinson, the organizer and chief owner of the trust company. Of his future plans he would say nothing definite beyond this statement: "I may shy my castor into the political ring."


HUGHES AFTER A TOGA MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory. Every person married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

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Wealthy Gentleman wishes to correspond with lady with view to matrimony; no objection to poor girl if respectable. Address J. R. H., 2004 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago.

SALESMEN, $10 daily, money every night; taking orders for $30 Automatic Soda Fountain; regular or side line; Grant Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, worth $12,000, desires the acquaintance of gentleman with a view to marriage, no objection to poor man with good character. Garfield, 2004 Wilcox ave., Chicago.

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MARRY RICH Ladies worth from $5,000 to $35,000 want husbands. Descriptions and Photos FREE. (Sealed.) Standard Corr. Club, 110 Avers Av., Chicago, Ill.


# EMPLOYE A CONSPIRATOR

## Consular Agent Connected With Revolution in Haiti.

### Plot Also Extended to Cuba and Santo Domingo — Giordani's Plans.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Startling developments in the plot to overthrow the government of President Nord in Haiti, have followed the investigations of the secret service agents in New York in connection with the arrest of Jose M. Giordani on the charge of counterfeiting Haitian money. The officers say they have ascertained that the prisoner was the agent of a formidable conspiracy whose operations probably would have extended beyond the limits of Haiti into Santo Domingo and even into Cuba, had the revolution in Haiti been a success and the agents in New York remained unmolested.

It was found among other things, the secret service operatives declare, that certain persons in Haiti, mostly Frenchmen and Corsicans, and one of them a brother of Giordani, were active agents of the alleged conspirators, and were designated in the papers found among Giordani's effects by numbers. By careful inquiry the secret service men were able to connect these numbers with the proper persons and the first result was to fix upon Charles Miot, the American consular agent at St. Marc, as one of the persons to whom a number had applied. Upon learning this fact last evening the state department immediately cabled to American Minister Furniss at Port Au Prince to dismiss this agent at once from the employ of the United States. This action was taken because the state department feels that it must keep itself absolutely free from any appearance of sympathy with rebellious movements in Latin American republics.

Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, made a statement today, giving the facts and circumstances connected with the arrest of Giordani which go to show that at the time of his arrest Giordani had in his possession counterfeit Haytian paper money to the face value of $900,000, two thousand Remington rifles, and 230,000 rounds of ammunition, all of which it is said, was intended for the Haytian revolutionists. Six or seven months ago when this government was advised by Provisional Governor Magoon that a small party of malcontents were trying to stir up a revolution in Cuba, it was discovered that Giordani was connected with them.

# TO FIX RAILROAD RATE

## The Legislature of North Carolina in Extra Session.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 22.—The legislature of North Carolina convened in special session yesterday, having been called by Governor Glenn to make a change in the railroad rate laws fixing the rate of fare at 2½ cents a mile.

Governor Glenn, in his message, recommends that the terms he had offered to the railroads be accepted. These provide for a 2½ cent flat rate, 2,000 mile books for five members of firms and 1,000 mile books for individuals at 2 cents, good intrastate and interstate and interchangeable among the railroads; 500 mile books for families at 2½ cents, intrastate. Parties boarding trains without tickets, if able to purchase them, are to pay 15 cents extra.


MAGIC STEEL TOP CHURN.

Just think of a churn with forged steel top and barrel rim that you cannot break; no wood cover to split, warp, leak and sour; it is sanitary and clean because it will not absorb. This is the churn for you to buy; it costs no more; if your dealer hasn't got it send us his name and we will arrange for you to get one at reduced price; send postal card for our illustrated catalogue.

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# HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

## MORNING THOUGHTS

**SUNDAY.**

'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

**MONDAY.**

One of these days we shall know the reason,
Haply, of much that perplexes now;
One of these days, in the Lord's good season,
Light of His peace shall adorn the brow.

**TUESDAY.**

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.

**WEDNESDAY.**

If you always remember that in all you do in soul or body, God stands by as a witness, in all your prayers and your actions you will not err; you shall have God dwelling with you.

**THURSDAY.**

Faith acts on our souls as a moral tonic; it takes the fret and fever out of our lives; it gives the appetite and desire for noble living; it removes despondency; it gives energy, courage, hope, patience and persistence; and in its highest manifestations it makes our lives a blending of power, sweetness and peace.

**FRIDAY.**

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

**SATURDAY.**

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as if you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that's just the place and time that the tide will turn.

## ABOUT "OUR PAGE"

Today the editor wishes to have a confidential talk with her Household people about "our page." As you all know, the Cozy Corner is practically devoted to mothers and home makers, come to tell of personal experiences which may be a help to others, and to give and ask advice. A letter asking advice has never been disregarded, and the spirit of "Our Motto" is the spirit which ruled the Cozy Corner long before we had a motto.

Letters from the children are a new addition to our page. They form a department the children established themselves. First one wrote and then another, until a large number of letters are being received from the little folks. It is a regret to the editor that she cannot give them more space, but it is impossible to stretch the page.

Another thing, the editor wants you to feel that no letters are thrown away. Sometimes it is several weeks before we can print them, but we are glad to have you interested enough to write to us, ever to reject a letter, unless it is one that is not in harmony with the spirit of our page. This spirit is a combination of peace and love, good-will and kindliness; in fact, it is all that makes life brightest and best. Hopefulness, too, we wish to be prominent, and we want to banish gloom and discouragement, and to make the Household page a message of good cheer which you will look forward to eagerly.

We do not wish to enter upon religious discussions, but you may be very sure that the editor respects all religions, creeds and philosophies, and is intolerant toward none.

The illustrated article which usually appears at the top of the page, is intended to be an article of information, published with the purpose of keeping you in touch with what is going on in the world, especially among women, though we try to give you a variety of subjects.

There is the Merry-Go-Round, especially designed for the interchange of thought between young men and women. Many a good letter comes to this department, and frequently we have lively discussions which show study and intelligence. The Poets' Corner is a recent addition, and it is proving very popular. Among the hundreds of poems that have been requested, there are very few which have not been received. The answers to requests come with gratifying promptness, and the editor wishes she could be as prompt in printing both poems and requests, but here is another case where the page cannot be stretched.

Usually we try to have a story, but sometimes it is left out in order that the M. G. R. may have more space. When the letters begin to pile up pretty high, then the editor begins to get nervous, and, fearing someone may feel neglected, leaves the story out "just for once," with the hope that you will not miss it. To sum up our intention, the page is made with the earnest desire to please every one who reads it. It is a "home folks" page, and that we may be "home folks" together, is the sincere wish of your editor.

## THE COZY CORNER

**OUR MOTTO.**

**Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer, scattering sunshine along the way.**

**WILL SHE BE HAPPIER?**

In my younger days I was a school teacher. When nearly an "old maid," I became a wife, now, in my "old age," I am a mother. I have read the letters from discouraged housekeepers and mothers, as well as the sunny ones with good advice. When I was just a wife I had my house always neat and in order. I wore a clean apron and my company smile. I found time to attend the church society, my lodge, be a leader in socials and Sabbath school, visit my mother and friends, and help care for the sick. Now I stay at home too much. My house is never in perfect order, my sewing is never all done. I seldom get to church, and never to lodge or society. I get discouraged. My company smile is not always so "taking;" my music and reading are very much neglected. Are any of you drifting the same way?

I have a dear, good neighbor who drops in and tells me, in all kindness, how "I did my work when I was raising my family." She means well, but I know that her washing and ironing were "done out," that a woman came in and helped her once a week, that she never had but three children, and the youngest one came nine years after the others.

Don't get too discouraged, sisters, you may not be a good housekeeper, but you may be a jewel somewhere else. My friends love to visit me or they would not come so often. And their husbands seem to like to come with them. I plan to wash on Monday, iron and mend on Tuesday, etc. This is the way my plans sometimes turn out: Monday, the baby is sick and cross. Tuesday it storms so I cannot hang out my clothes, and my house is too small to be cluttered long with tubs. Wednesday I receive a phone message that I am to be surprised with company. Thursday dawns and I am too sick to work, but my washing must be done, for my family needs clean clothes. I drag around all day over my work and go to bed at night tired out, and with a worrying baby. You see, dear sisters, I lack what we call "executive ability."

When there are no stockings to darn, no little trousers or jackets to mend, no little dresses to starch and iron, no garments to make, no little finger marks to wash from the windows, no cut fingers or toes to do up, no toothache to stop, no feverish brow to soothe and no meals to get for anyone except my husband and myself, I expect to have my house neat and in order, to wear a clean apron and collar, and to have my company smile. Will I be happier?—Everyone's Friend.

Everyone's Friend—I believe you are letting yourself feel "driven," and are overwhelmed with the thoughts of what you must do and what you want to do. Try to put thought of self aside, for the present, and do the "musts." The years fly very fast and changes sometimes come unexpectedly. Undoubtedly you are very tired and nervous, but do not let yourself feel driven, and do not worry if your housekeeping is not conducted in clockwork order. One pair of hands cannot keep house and raise a family of children without there being some disorder. Hold fast, keep cool, do the things that you must, and presently you will surely find the way easier.—Editor.

**A CORRECTION.**

In The Blade of January 2nd, under the head "A Letter From Santa Cruz," I noticed that the word "ever" was used instead of "even" where I spoke of having strawberries, etc., "even" after the middle of November. As they were about gone at that time I did not wish to carry the idea that we have them all winter.

Now, in the very middle of winter, if some of you living in colder states could come into my little yard I could give you fine, large calla lilies, and a few each of these flowers: roses, pansies, heliotropes, sweet peas, and several bouquets of long-stemmed, fragrant violets. We have had too much rain for the geraniums, and I have only a few blossoms of the pink ivy.

While we may not be able to divide flowers and sunshine with you, still if you have the "light" in your hearts then you will find beauty everywhere and much to be thankful for. Cowper words this thought so well when he says:

"They whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed."

—Santa Cruz.

**FROM A STEPMOTHER.**

I will come again for a little talk with you. I love to read the letters, they are so helpful to me. We live on a farm of forty acres. We have a good brick house of five rooms and a good orchard from which we have plenty of apples. We have about 150 chickens and ducks, five cows, a calf, two horses—everything almost that is needed on a farm. We are only three in the family, my husband, myself and little son Leo, nine years old. While I am his stepmother, I love him better than I could love my very own child. Some mothers do not care much for stepchildren, but if we have the love of God in our hearts it is natural for us to love everyone.

I will write to any of the sisters any time. My address is Mrs. Katie E. Ward, Osgood, Ind., R. F. D. 4.

**A PRETTY DREAM.**

Will you let an old lady, most seventy years old, sit in the corner a few moments? I have been a reader of The Blade for thirty-five years. It is a welcome visitor, especially now, for our six children are all married and gone to happy homes of their own. The last one picked up his little keepsakes and went seventeen years ago. It seems sad to have our children leave the old home, but we feel thankful that our Heavenly Father has spared them all. Our family circle has never been broken by death, although often, when we feel lonely, we almost wish them back home and little children again. I dreamed a beautiful dream Christmas morning, and it seemed so real, I wrote it in verses to send to you.—Aunt Sally.

**My Dream.**

It was early Christmas morning,
And I think I was asleep,
When I seemed to hear the patter
Of my little children's feet.

Down the stair with laugh and clatter,
As they did in days of yore;
Yes, my darling little children
Had come back to me once more.

Softly now the stair door opens,
And they listen with a pause,
Thinking they are most too early,
Fearing they might frighten Santa Claus.

Yet they pause but for a moment,
Then on tiptoe round they go,
Looking for their little stockings,
Which were hanging in a row.

Then the shouts of joy and laughter,
As they dance about the flour,
There were skates, sleds, dolls and candles,
That sent them rushing to my bedroom door.

"Mamma, wake! Old Santa's been here,
And he's left us lots of toys,"
And I was so glad and happy
With my little girls and boys.

Then the wintry winds came sighing
Through the gray morn's frosty gleam,
Where had all my children vanished?—
I awoke; 'twas all a dream.

For my darling little children
Now are men and women grown;
They have left the dear old homestead,
Father and mother are all alone.

**INQUIRY.**

One of our correspondents wishes to know how to bleach a straw hat. Can anyone give the information?

**INQUIRIES ANSWERED.**

In response to Little Country School Teacher's request for some hints regarding a St. Valentine's entertainment we have this from Hoosier J.:

It is called a Pie or Box Social and Spider Web:—Get two balls of wrapping twine and six or seven dozen of clothespins. Stretch the twine above the desks from wall to wall, then across, having the twine high enough to be over the heads of the company. Then tie a clothespin to each end of a long twine, with a little green ribbon—or any color. Run this through the twine in all directions that it has been stretched above. Put as many up as will correspond to the number of boxes or pies to be sold. When all have been sold, let each gentleman take a clothespin with the green ribbon attached, and each lady take a pin without the ribbon, and have them unravel the pins from the web. Of course those taking part must be the ladies who have taken pies or boxes, and the gentlemen who have bought them. When the string has been taken down, it will bring a lady and a gentleman together, and these shall be the ones to eat together. I shall be glad to give further information if desired.

For Cold in the Head—Bathe the forehead, nose and throat in very hot water for ten minutes before going to bed. To gargle with strong salt water is also a great relief.

**OUR CORRESPONDENTS.**

The editor would like everyone who writes to this page to address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, writing in the lower left hand corner, "Household Editor." Kindly follow this form.

Within the past week letters have been received from R. S. B., Mrs. A. A. B., Mrs. S. J. Travers, Mrs. J. A. Kain, Shamrock, Mrs. Emma S. Redfearn, Biddy, A. M. B., Sweetheart, Indiana, Illiana, A Subscriber, S. E. S., Angelina Mellott, and Mrs. Ellis F. Snyder.

## CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

One who signs herself "an old member of The Blade family" sends us the following cake recipes, which are warranted to be of the best:

Silver Cake:—One teacupful of white sugar, one-half teacupful of butter, the whites of four eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of flour. Flavor to taste, bake in layers and use any kind of filling. I use cocoanut, chocolate, fruit or sometimes just plain frosting. Ladies, try this and report.

Excellent Fruit Cake:—One cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cloves, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of black pepper, four eggs, one teaspoonful of allspice, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, quarter of a pound of citron, and one pound of English walnuts. Bake in two cakes.

Jelly or Orange Cake:—One cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, three cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, four eggs, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in layers. Between layers use either jelly or this filling: Whites of two eggs well beaten, to which is added sufficient sugar to make it of the right consistency. Grate into this the rind and juice of one lemon or two small oranges.

Here are some recipes from a young girl, fourteen years of age. The editor regrets that she has lost track of this contributor's name.

Old-Fashioned Hermits:—One and one-half cups of brown sugar, three eggs, one cup of butter, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of seeded and chopped raisins, one-half teaspoonful each of cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and allspice. Add flour enough to roll out. Cut and bake same as cookies.

Peach Cream:—To one quart of ripe peaches, peeled and pressed through a sieve, add the whites of two eggs and a cupful of granulated sugar. Beat all together until a stiff cream is formed. Serve cold.

Banana Cream:—After peeling the bananas, mash them fine with a spoon, then take equal parts of banana and sweet cream, and to one quart of this mixture add one-fourth of a pound of granulated sugar. Beat until the cream is light.

Potato Salad:—Slice thin eight cold boiled potatoes and cover over with this dressing: The yolk of one hard-boiled egg, mashed fine; one teaspoonful of mixed mustard, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the same of vinegar, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Some finely chopped onion mixed with the salad makes it very nice.

The following recipes are from S. Michigan:

Cookies—Two cups of granulated sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one of butter, one egg, one heaping teaspoonful of soda, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed in flour. I use a large cup to measure ingredients. Sprinkle cookies with sugar. This rule makes 45 large, thick cookies.

Bread—For six loaves mash enough potatoes to fill a large cup. Stir in a small half cup of white sugar, pour on water in which the potatoes were boiled and, when lukewarm, add three-fourths of a cake of yeast. I make this in winter, when I cook potatoes for dinner. Keep where it is warm. When light stir in flour to make as stiff as can be stirred. In the morning mix into a firm loaf, adding a teaspoonful of salt. When the mixture is light mould into loaves and let them raise to twice their size. An average size loaf needs baking one hour. By holding your hand in the oven you can soon learn what a baking heat is.

Michigan S.—For your pancakes you did not give the quantity of each ingredient to be used in the first mixing. This seems to the editor an important part of the recipe. Will you kindly tell us how much flour, water and yeast to use. To the inexperienced cook this knowledge would be necessary.—The Editor.

## Carmen Sylvia, Queen of Roumania

The editor of the Household page has been requested to give a sketch of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania. Volumes might be written about this good queen, but it is only possible to publish an outline of her life.

Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louise, or Carmen Sylva, as she calls herself by her nom de plume, was by birth a princess of Wied, one of the many tiny principalities with which Germany abounds. She was born in 1843, and grew into a robust, bright-eyed little girl, to whom it was needful to teach reading at the age of three, in order to keep her occupied. Her alert intelligence was carefully trained by her parents and by able tutors. She soon distinguished herself by her knowledge of languages, her passion for poetry and music, and her love of the fine arts. Nor were the strictly feminine branches of education neglected. Princess Elizabeth learned to ply her needle as deftly as her pen, her cooking spoon as well as her drawing pencil. But she was by no means a merely studious child. Her lively spirits needed constant vent, and many a time would she manage to get outside the park, gather the village children about her, and prove the ringleader of wild and merry games. From the age of five it was her ardent desire to be a national school mistress, and when she was not romping with the village children, it was her delight to gather them around her and teach them what she had just learned herself.

A copy, somehow obtained, of The Wide, Wide World, was long her favorite reading, and was often found hidden between the covers of some school-book or under her pillow at night. To succor those in distress, to aid the poor and nurse the sick were taught her by precept and example; and with her ardent temperament, which is apt to exaggerate everything, there seemed at one time that she would not have a dress to her back, so liberally did she dispose of her wardrobe to all who asked. Meanwhile, to roam the woods that surrounded the country seat of the family, if possible alone, accompanied only by her big dogs, so that she might dream her dreams undisturbed, remained the chief pleasure of the little girl.

This open air life, this rustic, simple training, united to a refined intelligence and careful mental nurture, produced an original and charming result. To this day the queen retains some of the unsophisticated directness of the tiller of the soil, while there is an aroma of the woods and fields in her poetry and speech.

When she grew to young ladyhood, the princess evinced an almost savage dislike to matrimony, and in response to all proposals of marriage made to her replied: "I do not want to marry unless I can be queen of Roumania." The reply seemed a very safe one in those days when Roumania had but just been founded and only as a principality, under a worthless ruler.

In 1868, the change in European public affairs made Prince Charles of Hohenzollern ruler of Roumania, and in the autumn of the next year he came to the Rhine to remind the Princess Elizabeth of her desire to rule over that kingdom. Even so, it was a little while before she could consent to resign her fiercely cherished independence, but she yielded, and the prince took her to his home amid the Carpathians.

CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

Arrived at her new home she at once threw herself into all her new duties. She learned to read and write Roumanian, she made herself acquainted with the needs and requirements of the land, and soon saw that she had not been wrong when, years ago, she had aspired after this throne as one which would give her a noble work to do. She kept herself aloof from the entanglements of politics. She occupied herself with the improvement of Roumanian educational facilities and the development of Roumanian industries. She founded schools, hospitals, soup kitchens and cooking schools, and she inculcated respect for sanitary laws, most needful in an eastern land. It was her endeavor from the first to be a mother of her people in the best sense of the word, and "little mother" has long been the tender name by which her people call her. Since 1880 she has published several volumes of poetry in which the folklore and customs of Roumania form the predominant subjects.

Carmen Sylva, her nom de plume, is a name compounded by her love for song and the forests.

## THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

This is a letter from the state of Maryland:

I live in a country where the winters are long and severe; where the mountains are high, and the snow is often drifted to a height of many feet, and the sleighing is fine for several months in the year. The jingle of bells and the voices of the merry sleighing parties can be heard by day and night, and pleasure reigns throughout the sleighing season. Our country abounds also in large hotels, cottages and boarding houses, operated in the interest of city people who come among us for rest and health. The air is very fine and bracing and the waters are pure and healing.

The drives are good, and our livery men have good rigs, spirited horses, and trained and careful drivers. Sometimes parties wish to go sightseeing; then the mountain buckboards, which seat a dozen persons or more and are drawn by six or eight horses, are employed, and the gay sightseers have breakfast and are away by 6 o'clock. They are gone throughout the day, returning ready for their tea and rest.

Some of us "all year" people own saddle horses and make much use of them when the roads are good. I own one that can single-foot, dog trot, shortlope, rack and pace. I use him a great deal and do not always take the best of care of him, for sometimes I ride him too far and too hard. He is very fond of apples and will take an apple from my hand while I am in the saddle. I take a great interest in music. The violin is my favorite instrument.—Gussie.

The West Virginians all seem to be proud of their "little land of snakes," and I am surely proud of my state. I am another green school teacher and am just starting out. I feel I should be pleased to meet Hoosier Girl and all the other M. G. R. "school ma'ams." I am younger than some of my pupils, and, like Brown-Eyed Mae, who said she felt "kiddish," I feel like a "kid" among them. Although I am so young I feel the responsibility of teaching. Just think what one look or word may do to a pupil!

I know by experience that a teacher has more influence with a child than their close relatives. It is the duty of every teacher to greet all pupils with a smile and never to show temper. They should guard their feelings, for in the country schools here the child spends half the year in the school room. You may have thought of this, but perhaps I shall recall it to your mind.—Seventeen Years Old School Ma'am.

Here comes a new member from dear old Illinois. Instead of trying to answer the questions I will give a sketch of myself. Just imagine a tall, bony, awkward girl, about five and one-half feet tall, with brown hair, brown eyes, and brown complexion and about eighteen years old. My home is in Southern Illinois, among some very large bluffs, and you can imagine how beautiful the scenery is and how bad the roads are.

I am like Kansas Rose, for I enjoy music when I am not the musician. From the letters, I think most of us like to read. I do, and I spend many pleasant hours reading. I have always had access to a good library and have read many good books. How many have read Stepping Heavenward and In His Steps? For religious novels there is nothing better.

I don't agree with Pine Grover, who likes Shakespeare. I have read several of his plays and I do not like him at all. His plays have too much of blood and murder. It gives me the shivers to think of him. Will sign by usual nickname.—Chatter Box.

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.**

I will tell you something of my home. We live on a farm of 160 acres, which is 12 miles from Winterset, the county seat of Madison county. I have always lived in the good old Buckeye state, and was never out of it, although I have seen 20 summers pass. I love the free country life and would not trade it for city life any time. Do any of the M. G. R.'s ever go skating? We do almost every winter, and go in crowds and have a good time.—Lily of the Valley from Old Buckeye.

The Blade has been a weekly visitor in our home for almost a year. I have been much benefited by the letters of the M. G. R. and Cozy Corner, and I feel it my duty to try to bear some part in the good work which is being done through these columns.

I, too, am a country lassie. I live among the West Virginia hills and have recently celebrated my 20th birthday. Like so many of our dear M. G. R. girls, I have been my father's housekeeper for the past five years, my mother having died when I was 15 years of age. I'll not tarry to tell you of the trials and lonely hours I have spent, but if admitted I will come again and tell of our country home and home life.—Carrie Quella.

Country Rosebud writes—It seems to me every week that the letters of the M. G. R. are more interesting than ever. I enjoy reading them so much, for it seems as if I were talking to old friends, but we can be friends whether we are near one another or not.

Miss Ouri, come often and cheer us up.

Larlyn Leath, where did you get your pretty name?

How many of you have read Lucy Harding, by Mary J. Holmes? I have read the greater part of it, and I think it fine.

I am a lover of music, and love to read, too.

From Miss Lucy Dean we have this: I am living at present in the country with a dear old lady. I was brought up on a farm and love the country, and I love to study God's handiwork in nature. It speaks in everything. I am glad to read of some who have built upon the Rock of Ages and are looking upward to the City of God.

Selected from the letter of Hoosier Boy is this: So many members speak of their favorite virtues. Well, my favorite one is explicit faith in God and His great works. Too much cannot be said, and His name never will be over extolled.

Hoosier Rustic suggests following the Golden Rule. A crown for you, kind sir, and may you become a teacher of this divine thought.

Hoosier Queen has a noble mind in her comprehension of truth and love. They are the corner stones of good and grand things. What a great thought! Live true to yourself and the precepts you have been taught. True self is predominant in her letter. Go forth with that armor and you will find there are many things for the betterment of your fellow creatures you can accomplish.

I live on a farm near Kirby Knob church, school and postoffice. I attend school there most of the time. I belong to the church, having joined when I was fifteen years of age. I am twenty years old now, and am not attending school as the roads are so bad I shall have to stay indoors most of the time. I go to school with a cripple girl, who is sixteen years old. She has to crawl, as she is not able to use crutches. I am so sorry for her. I often take apples to her and do many other little things for her.—Mountain Girl.

**M. G. R. AFFAIRS.**

The editor would like everyone who writes to this page to address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, writing in the lower left hand corner, "Household Editor." Kindly follow this form.

Letters received since last we met are from Mountain City Friend, Happy From Buckeye, Peggy, Missouri Bach., Bell St. Clair, Miss Georgie, Marcia Mahan, Cherry, Timothy Titcomb, West Va. Boy, and Island Lassie.

Miss Georgie wants the opinion of the M. G. R.'s regarding the reading of love stories. "Do you think there is any harm in reading them?" she asks. Her reason for the question is that some claim they are harmful, while others say there is as much good in some of them as you hear preached in church. Which is true?

## A Home Amusement

Popping corn is a great home amusement and gives much pleasure for a very small outlay of money. The necessaries are to be found in most homes or may be bought for nearly nothing, and the results are those favorite wholesome sweetmeats so greatly beloved by children and most of their elders as well.

"Thou needest," so says an old cook book published forty or fifty years ago, "good, clean popcorn, or maize, and thou shouldst have a wire gauze popper to prevent the grains from leaping into the fire. If no popper is at hand, an old-fashioned coal-shovel or a clean, dry frying pan will serve, though the popping will be slower and a few grains (even the best ones) may leap into the fire and so be lost. Scatter a handful of the corn upon the pan or popper, and hold it over a clear, bright fire, shaking it a little that the grains be not burned. As the heat catches them, they burst one by one, with a cheerful pop and a sprightly leap into the air, and each turns inside out, showing billowy little cushions of the cooked maize flour. The flavor, when freely popped, is delicously delicate. If liked, a handful may be taken, well mixed with a tablespoonful of molasses that has been cooked with a little butter, lemon juice or other simple flavoring, and the whole pressed into a ball and wrapped in oiled tissue paper. Such popcorn balls are wholesome for children and they may eat any amount of the corn."

Today popcorn balls are just as popular with the little folks as they were when this old book was written, and perhaps my readers would like to know the very best and most modern way of making these delectable dainties. Very delicious ones indeed can be made from the following recipe:

Popcorn Balls.—Take three-quarters of a cupful of brown sugar, three-quarters of a cupful of granulated sugar, half a cupful of molasses and half a cupful of water in which has been put a tablespoonful of vinegar, and cook together in a saucepan that has been well buttered. Let this boil together without stirring until it reaches the hard-ball stage, adding a fourth of a cupful of butter when it spins a thread. When done, add a fourth of a teaspoonful of soda, and pour in a fine stream over the corn, and be sure to stir rapidly all the while to distribute it evenly. When the syrup is evenly distributed over the corn, dip the hands into cold water, take up a portion of the hot mixture and press into balls. Dip the hands in the water before forming each ball and work quickly, before the mass becomes cold and hardens. Keep the balls in a cold place, as they soften and become tough in a warm room. It is an excellent plan to wrap each ball separately in wax paper.

Popcorn Candy.—Put one cupful of sugar, either granulated or brown, or half of each, one tablespoonful of vinegar and a quarter of a cupful of water into a buttered saucepan. Cook until it forms a hard ball when tried in cold water. Add a good-sized piece of butter when the candy is almost done. In a large, deep bowl have four quarts of freshly popped corn from which all imperfect grains have been removed. Pour the hot syrup over this. Continue to stir until it is cool, when each separate grain will be coated. If half a cupful or more of powdered sugar is sifted over the corn while stirring, the kernels separate more readily and the corn is firm and delicious.

Buttered Popcorn.—Into a large, deep kettle, with a close-fitting lid, put two tablespoonfuls of lard or butter, or half of each. The corn will be whiter if lard is used. When melted, add about half a cupful of shelled popcorn. Stir until the corn is evenly coated, cover closely, and heat gradually as directed in popping corn, shaking the pan quite vigorously all the while. In about four minutes all should commence to pop at once and each kernel be large, white and delicious. Remove all imperfect grains, then shake the salt on evenly, without adding any more butter.

## THE POETS' CORNER

**Little Boy Blue.**
**By Eugene Field.**

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise."
So, toddling off to his trundle bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place;
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

**Lost on the Lady Elgin.**
**By Henry C. Work.**

Up from the poor man's cottage,
Forth from the mansion door;
Sweeping across the waters,
And echoing 'long the shore;
Caught by the morning breezes,
Borne on the evening gale;
Cometh a voice of mourning,
A sad and solemn wail.

Chorus:

Lost on the Lady Elgin!
Sleeping to wake no more!
Numbered in that three hundred,
Who failed to reach the shore.

Oh! 'tis the cry of children,
Weeping for parents gone;
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans woke at dawn.
Sisters for brothers weeping,
Husbands for missing wives,
Such are the ties dissever'd,
With those three hundred lives.

Staunch was the noble steamer,
Precious the freight she bore;
Gaily she loosed her cables,
A few short hours before.
Grandly she swept our harbor,
Joyfully rang her bell;
Little thought we ere morning,
'Twould toll so sad a knell.

**The Cow and the Bishop.**

Once in a good, old college town,
Where learned doctors in cap and gown,
Taught unfledged theologues how to preach,
Youths of many a land and speech,
There was a student, studious ever,
Whom fellows and townsfolk counted clever,
Despite red hair and an awkward gait,
"He'll be a great man," they said, "just wait!"

So it chanced on a chill, September day,
When the wind was sharp and the sky was gray,
This student, deep in a study brown,
Was striding along on the edge of the town,
A tiny cottage he neared and passed,
When the sound of footsteps approaching fast,
And his own name called as in urgent need,
Made him abruptly slacken his speed.
As he turned, a woman had reached his side.

"Oh, sir, you are learned and good!" she cried,
"And my cow is dying, my own cow, Pink,
There's nothing she'll eat and nothing she'll drink,
She seems to be moaning her life away,
Oh, lose not a moment, but come, I pray!"

"Good madam," said he with a puckered brow,
"My knowledge, I fear, would not help your cow;
On cattle diseases I'm all unread,
You'd better consult a physician instead."
"Why, sir," said the woman with pleading eyes,
"They told me you were uncommonly wise,
And for hours I've waited and watched for you,
In hopes you would pass as you often do."

So the student suffered himself to be led
To the poor, old cow in the rickety shed,
And he thought as he looked her carefully over,
How I wish you were out among the clover.
But I must do something, right or wrong,
Better than all this talk prolong.

Now this quiet student loved a joke,
As well as any merrier folk,
So, pausing a moment, as if in doubt,
He traced a circle, the cow about,
Which thrice he reversed with measured tread,
Stopping thrice at the creature's head,
While with solemn face besuiting the time,
Thrice he intoned this impromptu rhyme:
"Here a suffering animal lies,
Faithful and trusty and true.
If she lives, she lives—if she dies, she dies,
And nothing more can I do."
Then he said in a tone of an ardent lover:
"I heartily trust this cow will recover."
While the woman watching with wide-open eyes,
And awe-struck face, was dumb with surprise,
Till the student with, "Madam, a very good day,"
Was out of the shed, up the road and away;
Had the woman heard the laugh ring out
When the story was told that night no doubt,
Her faith in the charm she would hardly have kept,
But hearing naught she believed and slept.

Years afterward in that same town,
There lived a Bishop of much renown;
Wise theologians spoke of his fame,
And the little children loved his name.
But one sad day the Bishop fell ill
And the news spread abroad, as such news will.
One said to another with tear, or sigh,
"Nothing can save him—our Bishop must die."

In his sunlit chamber, smiling and calm
As a child unconscious of aught to harm,
The sufferer waited with heart of peace,
Patiently waited for death's release.
The fearful swelling that stopped his speech,
The skill of doctors could not reach,
And now it is sucking his breath away,
And the shadows are falling still and gray.
"Of a sudden a voice outside was heard,
And the sick man's memory strangely stirred,
As a woman entered, bent and old,
Making her way with assurance bold.
She paused a moment, then stooping low
She marked a circle with finger slow
Across the carpet, around the bed,
From head to foot and from foot to head,
And then in the circle she had traced,
She hobbled around with eager haste
And why 'mid servitors strong and stout
Did nobody venture to put her out?
Ah, why; no man of them ever could tell,
But each seemed holden as by a spell,
While the woman in voice now high, now low,
Sang the student's rhyme of long ago:
"Here a suffering animal lies,
Faithful, trusty and true,
If he lives, he lives—if he dies, he dies,
And nothing more can I do."
Then she piped in the tone of an old cracked bell,
"I hope the Bishop will soon get well."

But the words her lips had scarcely left,
When the air with a quick, sharp cry was cleft,
It rang through the chamber, it rang through the hall,
Up sprang the attendants one and all.
They stared at the sick man, perplexed, amazed,
Was the dying Bishop suddenly crazed?
He laughed till the tears ran down his cheek,
And wonder of wonders—he speaks, he speaks!
Ah, the woman had reached with her charm and crutch
What the surgeon's lancet failed to touch,
"The swelling is broken," the doctors avowed,
As they clustered together, a joyous crowd.

In a tiny cot on the edge of the town,
A little old woman in 'kerchief and gown,
Recounts for the hundredth time the tale,
Which never to her grows old or stale,
With many a flourish of withered arm,
Of the cow, the bishop, and patent charm.
"To think," she says, to the aged crones,
"At last I can rest my poor old bones,
And never a thought to the future give
But know that in plenty I ever shall live!
A wonderful man you must allow
God bless the Bishop and my new cow."

**The Graves of a Household.**

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount and stream and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus, they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song, the hearth,
Alas! for love, if thou wert all
And naught beyond, O earth!

**The Sailor Boy.**

'Twas early spring, the year was young,
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sung,
And not a bird was happier than I,
When my love, a sailor boy, was nigh.

The morning star was shining still,
The twilight peeped o'er the eastern hill,
The sailor boy and I, his bride,
Were walking by the ocean side.

'Tis scarce three months since we were wed,
But oh how swiftly the moments fled,
For we must part at the dawn of day,
And the proud ship bear my love away.

The time's long past but he comes no more,
To his weeping bride on the lonely shore.
The ship went down in the howling storm,
And the proud sea engulfed his lifeless form.

I would that I were resting, too,
'Neath the peaceful waves of the ocean blue,
My soul to God and my body in the sea,
And the blue waves rolling over me.

**POEMS WANTED.**

This is the first of an old song that is wanted:

You're going to leave the homstead, John,
Mother will be lonesome to see you go away.

This old song is requested:
My name is Tom Bradley,
My wife was Brown's Sally Ann.

The song, The Bonny Blue Flag, is asked for.

Another song wanted is Jack and Joe.

These songs are asked for: The Bonny Blue Flag, Mary of the Wildwood, Erin's Green Shore, The Blind Boy's Cry, and Barbara Allen.

The poem entitled The False Lover, is requested. These are two lines:

Tho' I may be another's bride,
And the deep sea may us divide.

A temperance song, entitled Shivering in the Cold, is wanted. First line:

Far back in my childhood.

**A LITTLE CHAT.**

The editor would like everyone who writes to this page to address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, writing in the lower left hand corner, "Household Editor." Kindly follow this form.

Eugene Field's poem, Little Boy Blue, which heads the column today, is supposed to have been written with reference to his own child, shortly after the little one's death. The pathos is exquisite, and it can easily be believed that it was inspired by a personal loss.

Poems lately received are: Pictures of Memory; The Soldier's Boy; Perry's Victory on Lake Erie; Sweet Violets; The Battle of Elkhorn; The Little Family; The Divine Call to the Ministry; The Holy City; What Is Home Without a Mother? and Barbara Frietchie.

ARE YOU SICK?

# I Will Help You

**Treatment and Letter of Advice is FREE—Send No Money Write Today**

If you are sick—if you suffer—if you are afflicted with any ailment—if you are worn out, tired or failing—if you have an ache or a pain—if you need medical advice—if you are not in perfect health—if you lack the energy, vim, vigor and "go" that make life worth living; whether you are rich or poor—old or young—man or woman, READ what I have to say, HEAR what I have to offer YOU.

**Positive Proof Without Price**

I have probably had more experience and more success than any living physician, but I don't ask you to believe that; I don't ask you to believe that my remedies are better than others. I don't ask you to take my word for anything. But I DO ask you to give me a chance to prove my ability—to prove what my treatment will do for you—to prove that I can cure you—and to prove it at MY OWN EXPENSE—to pay the cost, EVERY PENNY OF IT, MYSELF. I ask permission to send you—to deliver into your hands—absolutely without cost to you a proof treatment that will convince you. Remedies that have cured thousands, remedies that I believe will cure you.

**May I Send the Proof?**

This is all I ask. No money—no promises to buy—no papers. On the virtue of my treatment I base my reputation. On your gratitude and honesty I base my hope of reward. I hold the record of thousands of cures—not "some better," but cured to stay cured—restored to perfect health. Is the prospect of being healthy and strong and big and well worth a few minutes of your time and a two-cent stamp? That's all it costs. Don't let the opportunity pass.

**All Diseases**

All afflictions that can be cured by medicine—many that others consider incurable—no matter how many remedies you have vainly tried—no matter how many other doctors have failed. Curing desperate chronic cases is my specialty. RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY TROUBLE, ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, CATARRH, DISEASES OF THE BLADDER AND PROSTATE GLAND, NERVOUSNESS, ALL FEMALE TROUBLES, WEAK LUNGS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CHRONIC COUGHS, ALL SKIN DISEASES, SCROFULA, IMPURE BLOOD, PARTIAL PARALYSIS, PILES, HEART DISEASE, LUMBAGO, ANAEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY. All Chronic Ailments are being cured every day. Thousands have been cured in the past—many just like your case. Won't you let me try to cure you?

**The Proof Is Free**

This is all you have to do: Write me a description of your case—write me fully and freely—tell me as much about your condition as you can. Careful attention to each case has helped make me successful. I want to succeed in your case—I want you to help me. Tell me how you are and by return mail I will send you the proof treatment, sealed in plain wrapper, postage paid and free—free to you—free to any afflicted friend or neighbor. It may mean long life—health—strength—vigor to you if you write me today. You have nothing to lose, everything to gain. Address DR. JAMES W. KIDD, 1504 Kidd Building, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Note.—We have known Dr. Kidd for years—we know that he will do exactly what he promises. If in need of treatment you should accept his generous offer.


# BEGIN CAPITOL CASES

**Men Charged With Graft Placed on Trial.**

**First of Conspiracy Charges Involves Payments of $49,417.80 for Furniture.**

Harisburg, Pa., Jan. 27.—Not since the trial of United States Senator M. S. Quay ten years ago for conspiracy to wreck a Philadelphia bank has there been such interest in a trial as has been manifested throughout Pennsylvania in the proceedings begun today against the men charged with conspiracy to loot the state treasury in connection with the construction and furnishing of the big state capitol building.

A special jury panel of eighty is on hand and Judge George F. Kunkel, once a member of the legislature and a newcomer on the Pennsylvania bench is presiding.

The first of the five conspiracy cases listed for trial involves payments of $49,417.80 for sofas, tables and clothes trees. The defendants in these five cases are Chief Contractor John H. Sanderson and Architect Joseph M. Huston, of Philadelphia; former Auditor General William P. Snyder, of Spring City; former State Treasurer William L. Mathues, of Media, and James M. Shumaker, of Johnstown, former superintendent of grounds and buildings.

# PLAN FOR INITIATIVE.

**Proposed by Michigan Constitutional Convention.**

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 24.—The constitutional convention last night passed on second reading a proposal for constitutional initiative, but the proposal as carried is considerably modified, as compared with the one passed upon first reading. The original plan provided for the initiation and adoption of constitutional amendments through petition and popular vote without any intervention from the legislature. As adopted on second reading, the plan provides that the secretary of state, before submitting a petitioned amendment to the voters, must refer it to the legislature. Then it can go before the voters unless the legislature in joint session disapproves by a majority vote. The legislature may, by a like vote, submit an alternative or substitute proposal on the same subject. If alternative proposals are submitted, one of them must receive a majority of all the votes cast, but if neither receives a majority vote, but the total of both alternatives constitutes a majority, then the alternative that has the greater number of votes shall be submitted again at the next subsequent election. Receiving a majority vote then, it shall become a part of the constitution.

To go before the voters, a proposed amendment must be reported by the petition of 20 per cent of the number of voters voting for secretary of state at the preceding election.

**TO ENLARGE CAPITOL.**

Columbus, O., Jan. 25.—The joint legislative committee on committee rooms next week will take up a proposition to enlarge the state capitol by raising the dome and adding two wings and another story to the end building. It is proposed that the first appropriation for this purpose shall be $300,000.


**Post Cards Free**

Cut out this ad and we will send you a set of 3 most beautiful post cards you ever saw. Send 2-ct. stamps for postage. Full set of 10 for 10 cts.; 3 full sets 25 cts. Everyone answering this ad immediately will also receive our splendid farm magazine 3 months on trial free. We make this great offer to introduce our big farm paper which already has more than a half million readers. Address at once Valley Farmer Post Card, Dept. 29, Topeka, Kansas


# SALOON AT BOTTOM OF LAW BREAKING

**New Yorker Tells License League Why Laws Against Groggeries Should Be Enforced.**

Louisville, Ky., Jan. 22.—The first speaker at today's session of the Model License League convention was T. De Quincy Tully, secretary of the Law Enforcement society of New York City. Mr. Tully said the society he represented stood for the enforcement of all laws, and especially the excise laws in New York.

"We broke with the excise laws in New York state," said Mr. Tully, "when they called for a temperance law."

Continuing he said:

"The passing of local option laws in Kentucky and the going dry of numerous states, mean nothing. It is by no means an indication that the people of the country want temperance, but that they want the control and the manner of running saloons changed.

"There is no doubt that if New York City was given the privilege of local option that the 10,000 saloons would be voted out. Why? Because the majority of the people want the abuses of the saloons corrected. At the bottom of all law-breaking, petty intrigue, small and large graft, debauchery and vice, is the lawless saloon. It is the harbor for most of the country's iniquity. With its disappearance by the enforcement of the excise laws, the people will have better government, finer homes and larger industries. It will mean the taking out of the hands of machines and political cliques the government of many of our cities. The better class of citizens will control affairs, for, robbed of his bottle, through the enforcement of the laws, the club of power will be snatched from the thief and the thug."

# THREE KILLED IN FIRE

**Victims Are Caught Under Falling Walls.**

**Loss Is Worst Fire in City Since Calamity of 1904—Estimated at $400,000.**

Baltimore, Jan. 24.—Fire at an early hour this morning took heavy toll of the members of the fire department of this city, three being dead and sixteen other more or less seriously injured. The list of the latter includes the name of George Horton, chief of the fire department, who is in a serious condition. He has a badly lacerated scalp and internal injuries. The first hasty examination indicated that his skull was fractured, but a more careful investigation showed this not to be the case.

The financial damage is estimated by Mayor J. Barry Mahool, who was early on the scene, at $400,000.

The blaze, which is the worst that has occurred in this city since the calamity of 1904, started on the third floor of the building on the southeast corner of Holliday and Saratoga streets, occupied by the J. Regester Sons' company, plumbers' supplies. Other occupants of the buildings were the Baltimore Bell & Brass company, and the William L. Hollingsworth company, machinists.

Upon these three the heaviest losses fall. The fire had apparently been burning some time before it was discovered. The first alarm was quickly followed by a general alarm, which brought most of the fire apparatus in the city to the scene. A strong wind from the northwest and a very low temperature made the work of fighting the fire more than ordinarily difficult and the flames spread very rapidly. In an incredibly short time after the blaze broke out of the windows on the Saratoga street side of the Regester building, and without the slightest warning, a large section of the north wall of the building fell. It was this that scattered death and injuries among the firemen, who were working close to the building.

The rain of bricks also put out of commission an extension truck, upon which some of the men had been working. Saratoga street at this point narrows sharply. A fraction of a minute before the wall fell a hose burst, sending a number of policemen and reporters scurrying east on Saratoga street. But for this a number of them would almost certainly have been injured by the flying bricks.

**MINISTER RESIGNS TO RUN A TROLLEY CAR.**

**St. Joseph, Mo., Jan. 24.—Rev. J. W. O'Bryant, pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist church, has resigned to become a street car conductor on a suburban line. He says he can make more money as conductor than as preacher.**

# BRIBERY CHARGE INQUIRY

**Ellis to Investigate the Fertilizer Case.**

Columbus, O., Jan. 25.—Under direct orders of Gov. Harris a searching investigation of the state board of agriculture which promises to develop into a big scandal is being vigorously prosecuted.

The entire ill smelling affair has been turned over to Attorney General Ellis who talks of a grand jury investigation. The action of Ellis centers around the voluntary statement of an employe of the board that persistent attempts have been made by fertilizer concerns to bribe him.

The employe, James W. Fleming, assistant secretary of the board, charges that he was offered a bribe of $300 a month or $3,600 a year, twice the salary he is paid by the board, to switch samples of fertilizer submitted to the board for analysis by experts.

Gov. Harris and other state officials are thoroughly aroused. The charge is made that the farmers of Ohio have been swindled out of thousands of dollars by the sale of worthless fertilizer which has carried the official inspection mark of the state board.

Gov. Harris took up the question in his message to the general assembly. Since that time, however, a dragnet has been spread in the hope of landing a number of persons in prison.

# RUIN IN STORM'S PATH

**Four Deaths in New York Due to Blizzard.**

**Many Vessels Go Ashore During Gale—Cold Wave Extends to New Orleans.**

New York, Jan. 25.—After 36 hours' struggle in the grasp of a severe storm, New York is today facing something like normal conditions, but a great improvement is to be made before inconvenience and suffering are overcome.

A number of accidents and four fatalities were credited to the storm's account. One man was frozen to death near an East Twenty-third street lodging house, from which he had been ejected. A Grand street merchant succumbed to heart disease after battling with the snow and wind. In Woodlawn cemetery a special policeman died while digging a path to a newly-made grave. A civil war veteran was another victim of heart disease caused by exposure.

**STORM DAMAGE IS $100,000**

**Trains Stalled and Jersey Town Resembled Miniature Venice.**

Asbury Park, N. J., Jan. 25.—Thousands of dollars' worth of property was damaged along the Jersey coast from Long Branch north to the Highlands by the storm yesterday.

The seas broke over the bulkheads which protect the narrow strip of land lying between the ocean and the Shrewsbury river, flooded the streets of Seabright so that it resembled a miniature Venice, and caused general damage to cottages, piers, pavilions and roadways. Mayor Packer, of Seabright, directed the occupants of many homes to leave and retire across the river, where the ground is higher. The people were taken from their homes in boats. The entire railroad between Seabright and Highlands is under water, and traffic is at a complete standstill.

A train on the Central Railroad of New Jersey, which left Long Branch early yesterday with the train crew and three passengers, was stalled at Ludlow's Crossing all day by the waves, which beat about the engine and cars and threatened to wash away the tracks under them. When the tide receded late yesterday the train crept back to Long Branch.

It is estimated that the damage in Seabright and vicinity will reach nearly $100,000

**First Real Blizzard.**

Newport, R. I., Jan. 25.—With the wind blowing 65 and 70 miles an hour, a heavy fall of snow and the temperature continually dropping, Newport was yesterday in the grasp of the first real blizzard of the winter. Last night the conditions grew worse rather than better. Between two and one-half and three feet of snow has fallen.

There was a heavy sea running and all shipping was practically tied up. Three barges dragged their anchors and went ashore on Brenton's beach during the day, but as they were light they are thought to have sustained little damage.

Steam trains were delayed and trolley lines were tied up by the storm.

**Frost in the South.**

New Orleans, Jan. 25.—The coldest weather of the winter was reported along the gulf coast yesterday. Mississippi and Louisiana points reported heavy frosts and ice with temperatures 2 to 4 degrees below freezing. In New Orleans ice formed in gutters early in the day.

# RATHER STAY IN MEXICO

**Absconding Connecticut Banker Will Fight Extradition.**

Mexico City, Jan. 25.—William F. Walker, the absconding cashier of the New Britain, Conn., savings bank, will fight extradition proceedings in Mexico and will not return to the United States until every means of defense in this country has ben exhausted.

That is the latest phase, announced yesterday, of the case of the fugitive American banker, who is under arrest at Ensenada, Lower California. It is also believed that Walker has not squandered the entire amount he is alleged to have taken from the Connecticut bank, as was reported, but that he is still in possession of a large sum and that he is now trying to gain liberty by making a settlement with the bank.

# U. S. and Mexico May Have Legal Fight Over Islands

Mexico City, Jan. 23.—Disputed ownership of Arcas Keys, Gulf Islands, 82 miles off the Yucatan coast, worth $70,000,000, gives promise of a spirited legal clash between the United States and the Mexican government.

The heirs of J. W. Taylor say they have acquired full title from Pasquala Quinan, who, they say, held the islands by right of discovery. The Mexican government says that the property is government territory. While the islands themselves are nothing more than masses of rock, they are rich in guano deposits, which Prof. Hadley, of Yale university, estimated at 3,000,000 tons.

The story of the islands dates back twenty-eight years to the time of their discovery by Pasquala Quinan, an American, and the affidavits of the latter are on file with the state department at Washington. Copies of these have been sent to Mexico. They show that Quinan landed on the largest island in the group on January 11, 1880, hoisting the stars and stripes. The Mexican government sets forth that the islands, because of their proximity to the coast of Yucatan, are a dependency of the republic.

# ELIOT WANTS CHILDREN "SORTED OUT"

**Would Compel Them to Learn Trades Assigned Them by Agents.**

Chicago, Jan. 24.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, advocated last night in a public address that American boys and girls be "sorted out" by agents of authority, teachers perhaps, and forced by law to study trades assigned to them. Dr. Eliot's ideas caused a sensation at the banquet of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, held at the Auditorium.

Here is what Dr. Eliot said:

"I assert that it is perfectly proper to enact laws which will give the teachers the authority to sort out the boys and girls, assign to each the trade at which he or she seems best adapted, and the law should then compel these children to be trained for these trades.

"This sentiment I see has already impressed some of you as being undemocratic. I think that it is not so. Democracy is based on a theory that all men are equal; all men are not equal and never can be; men of practical mind have long set aside that platitude for what it is worth."

# GLADYS REAL COUNTESS

**Miss Vanderbilt Becomes Bride of Hungarian Noble.**

**Count and Countess Will Visit Reginald Vanderbilt and Sail for Europe Feb. 4.**

New York, Jan. 27.—The wedding of Miss Gladys Moore Vanderbilt, daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, to Count Laszlo Szechenyi, member of the Hungarian nobility, lieutenant of Hussars, and heriditary member of the Austro-Hungarian parliament, took place at the Fifth avenue home of the bride's mother soon after noon today. The ceremony was performed in the presence of about 350 guests in the salon, on the F...th avenue side of the Vanderbilt residence. At one end of the long room an altar was placed under a bower of bending palm trees, the tops of which came together, forming an arch under which the bridal party proceeded to the altar. About the trunks of the palms were twined thousands of orchids.

**Accompanied by Brother.**

Miss Vanderbilt was accompanied to the altar by her elder brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the count was accompanied by his best man, Count Anton Sigray. The wedding ceremony was performed by Mgr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral, wearing purple silk vestments and lace cope. He was assisted by the Rev. John J. Byrne. The wedding chorus from Gaul's cantata "Ruth," was sung by 30 boys of St. Patrick's chancel choir, attired in surplices and red cassocks, accompanied by the organ and assisted by St. Patrick's male quartette.

The bride wore a gown of ivory satin with embroidery, point lace and garlands of orange blossoms. Her veil was of point lace, caught with sprays of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of orchids and gardenier.

The bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Vanderbilt Twombly, her cousin, and Miss Dorothy Whitney, daughter of William C. Whitney. The bride was also attended by her little niece, Miss Flora Payne Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Payne Whitney.

**The Ushers.**

Among the ushers were Count Stefan Szechenyi and Count Paul Esterhazy. Among the guests were Baron Hengelmuller von Hehgervar, the Austrian ambassador to the United States, and his wife, and Alfred and Reginald Vanderbilt, brothers of the bride.

Many of the most prominent members of New York society were among the guests, while outside the Vanderbilt residence a great crowd of the curious public thronged the sidewalk and street.

Following the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served the guests, being distributed at various tables throughout the house. All the rooms were beautifully decorated with palms and orchids.

This afternoon the Count and Countess Szechenyi will go to Newport to remain for a week at the home of Reginald Vanderbilt, and will sail for Europe February 4.

As a result of an eleventh hour reconciliation, effected Saturday, Miss Gladys' brothers consented to attend the wedding.

**Clouds Cleared Away.**

Just when it looked as though discord would mar beyond repair the elaborately planned wedding, all the clouds were cleared away. Cornelius, the elder son, agreed to his mother's wish that he come back to his rightful place as head of the family, and give away his sister to the Hungarian nobleman. His agreement placed him once more at the head of the masculine Vanderbilt line. His father took the post away from him years ago when he married Miss Grace Wilson.

Alfred, the second son, consented to attend the wedding, bury his unfriendliness, and greet Count Szechenyi as a brother.

Reginald, the third son, brought the reconciliation.

# MINERS FOR SUFFRAGE

**Convention Adopts Views of Miss Gregg, of Kansas.**

Indianapolis, Jan. 23.—The convention of the United Mine Workers of America adjourned today until tomorrow morning. None of the committees was ready to report. The delegates were addressed by Miss Dura Gregg, of Kansas, fraternal delegate from the National Woman Suffrage association. The delegates indorsed the movement by a rising vote.

President Mitchell announced that the credentials committee would take up this afternoon the claim of Patrick Dolan, former president of the Pittsburg District Miners, to be admitted as a delegate. He has credentials from his local union at Reising, Pa.

It is considered probable that the convention will not formulate a wage scale until after it has been determined whether the operators will meet the miners in joint convention on January 30. It is also probable that a joint conference may not follow the convention immediately, and possibly may not be held in this city.

It is said by prominent miners that the indications are that the operators are in no hurry for a wage settlement and are not averse to the accumulation in the market that would attend an uncertainty as to the future of coal production in view of the fact that an open winter has cut down the demand for domestic coal and the industrial depression has reduced the consumption of steam coal.

# BANK IS DYNAMITED.

**Front of Building Wrecked, Exposing $40,000 in Cash.**

New York, Jan. 24.—An exploding bomb last night wrecked the front of an Italian bank building on Elizabeth street, briefly exposing $40,000 in silver and gold which the bankers, Pasquale A. Pati & Son, had piled in the windows as ocular proof of their ability to pay depositors on demand.

The junior partner, Salvatore Pati, who was on guard inside, was cut by the glass that crashed in upon him, but stuck by his charge and soon had the money stored away in the vaults. The score of clerks had left the place some time before and the explosion injured none but the younger Pati.

The bomb throwers, who were not seen by the banker, were quickly lost in the crowd of several thousand excited Italians who gathered about the wreck, and their motive is a mystery. It was at first believed that a robbery had been attempted, and the known distress in certain sections of the city lent color to this theory. If robbery was the object, the perpetrators, it is believed, were amateurs, who lost courage at the critical moment, when the tempting treasure was within arm's reach from the street.

# GETS BLACK HAND THREAT

**Wealthy Denver Man Is Asked for $15,000.**

Denver, Colo., Jan. 25.—Edward Chase, one of the wealthiest men in Denver, received in his mail Thursday, a letter from the "Black Hand" demanding that he deliver $15,000 to a man who would meet him at Fifteenth and Blake streets, and who would make himself known to Chase by taking off his hat and holding it against his left breast.

At the appointed hour last night Chief of Police Delaney and several detectives secreted themselves in the vicinity of Fifteenth and Blake streets, but the mysterious author of the letter did not appear. In the note Chase was notified that refusal to comply with instructions meant certain death.

# ROOSEVELT NOT TO BLAME, SAYS BRYAN

**Places Responsibility for Panic Elsewhere—Judson Harmon Scoes Bond Issue.**

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 23.—W. J. Bryan and Judson Harmon last night addressed a large audience at the Ryman auditorium.

Bryan said that the idea that prosperity was an inevitable result of Republican ascendency and administration had been rudely exploded in the last few months, and contrasted the ridicule heaped on his advocacy of the silver dollar with the prayerful anxiety with which capitalists had so recently grabbed for clearing house certificates. He scored imperialism, the cost of it and the wrong.

**No Blame on President.**

Bryan did not blame President Roosevelt for the panic, but scored the laws and their executors who would compel the people "to stand and shiver ever time a Wall street gambler got cold." He said that Democrats everywhere were united while the Republicans were divided; that railroad regulators, tariff reformers, advocates of arbitration between capital and labor and "trust busters" were in an overwhelming majority.

Judge Harmon in his speech said:

"Every family in the United States contributes an average of $100 per year to the gains of the beneficiaries of the Dingley tariff in increased cost of necessities alone. This explains why those who live on wages and salaries find themselves no better off, notwithstanding repeated increases in their pay."

**Scores Bond Issue.**

He said revision will not harm legitimate industries, but that freedom from the obstacles of foreign trade will help them.

He scored the bond issue, saying: "The Democrats had to issue bonds to discharge a duty imposed by law, and here are the Republicans issuing interest-bearing bonds without authority just to raise more money to deposit in banks without interest."

# $2,000,000 LOST IN FIRE

**Portland, Me., Again Visited by Disastrous Blaze.**

**More Than a Score of Others Are Injured When Walls Collapse.**

Portland, Me., Jan. 27.—Fire which several times threatened to wipe out the business district of this city and which caused damage estimated at over $900,000, was kept confined to the block in which it started, this morning, after almost 10 hours fighting by Portland's fire department, aided by men and apparatus from several outside cities.

The fire started in the wholesale dry goods house of Milliken, Cousens & Co., and it was in their half of the building that the greater part of the loss was sustained.

Later, when the fire was gotten under control, the other half of the building, occupied by A. F. Cox & Sons, was invaded by the flames, which had made their way through the roof and a party wall simultaneously, and the $200,000 stock of boots and shoes was ruined.

**No Casualties.**

A remarkable feature of the fire was the entire absence of casualties. One narrow escape is recorded, which, had sufficient warning not been given, might have resulted seriously for some eight or ten men. The crew of engine 5 were standing beneath a wall on the Market street side of the burned block, when an explosion was heard, followed by the fall of the wall. The explosion had warned the men, however, and all were out of the way when the debris fell.

The fire assumed such proportions that Mayor Leighton called for help from 10 cities in Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Maine.

# CHICAGO FIREMAN IS KILLED

**Is Carried Down When Wall Falls—Loss Is Half Million Dollars.**

Chicago, Feb. 27.—One fireman is supposed to have been killed, more than a score of others injured, and property valued at half a million dollars was destroyed in a fire which devastated the Mayer building, a seven story brick building, and the Hotel Florence, at 163-167 Adams street, early today.

The fire broke out in the basement of the Mayer building, and spread so rapidly that when the first detachment of firemen arrived the entire building was in flames. A strong north wind swept the flames to the adjacent hotel building, and in a few minutes that structure also was a roaring furnace. The walls and roofs of both structures collapsed about an hour later, carrying down with them an entire company of firemen. All except one, James Gallagher, of truck company No. 1, were rescued. His body is believed to be in the ruins.

Norwich, Conn., Jan. 27.—A general fire alarm early today called out all the fire apparatus in the city to fight a fire in the building at Nos. 9 to 11 Water street, occupied by the L. A. Gallup Co., wholesale grocers; the Norwich Belt Manufacturing Co., and the William H. Davenport Arms Co. At 3:20 a. m. the fire was under control and confined to the block where it started. The loss, it is estimated, will be $40,000.

**Loss Is $50,000.**

Knoxville, Tenn., Jan. 27.—The four-story building of the Nashville Pants Co., on Jackson avenue, was destroyed by fire early this morning. Loss on building and contents, $50,000.

# MANY PERSONS HOMELESS

**Explosion in Coal Stove Starts Costly Blaze.**

Madison, Ill., Jan. 25.—A mysterious explosion in a hard coal stove started a fire which destroyed the greater part of two city blocks today. The loss will exceed $100,000. Forty persons were left homeless.

# REVOLUTION NIPPED.

**Overthrow of Portuguese Government Was Planned.**

**Police Arrest Leaders While Conference Was in Session—Arms and Bombs Found**

Lisbon, Jan. 24.—(By courier to Badajoz, Spain, Jan. 24.)—An abortive attempt to overthrow the monarchy and proclaim Portugal a republic was nipped in the bud last night by the prompt action of the government. The plot was organized by a small group of advanced Republicans. As near as can be ascertained the plan was to assassinate Premier Franco and then depend for success upon street risings, supported by secret, Republican and labor organizations armed with bombs and revolvers.

The conspirators intended to take advantage of various festivities to carry out the coup d'etat. The royal family were at Villa Vicosa entertaining the duke of Abruzzi. Most of the army and navy officers who were in the city were attending a gala performance at the theatre, while many of the chief functionaries of state were present at a magnificent ball at one of the legations.

The police discovered what was in the wind early in the evening and surrounded and raided a house where the ringleaders in the plot were conferring. When they broke in the doors the lights were extinguished and in the confusion that followed most of the conspirators managed to make their escape. Several of them, however, were captured, including the leader, Joao Chagras, a Republican journalist, who was prominent in the Republican revolt of 1891; Franca Borger, editor of O Mundo, and a merchant by the name of Grenfalha. A case of revolvers and bombs was found in the cellar.

A general alarm was immediately sent out and while the prisoners were being taken to jail troops began to appear from all directions. A squadron of cavalry was placed around Premier Franco's house and the night passed without further incident.

From papers captured it was evident that the conspiracy was badly organized and premature.

# START CHARITY SALOON

**Entire Proceeds to Be Devoted to Helping Needy.**

Huntington, W. Va., Jan. 25.—Holden, a mining town near here, will, after February 1 have a saloon, the profits of which will be devoted to charity. Representatives of the United States Coal & Oil company, operating at Holden, have been granted a license.

Replying to protests against the license, the attorneys for the applicants stated it was not the desire to operate the saloon as a money making venture, but that it is impossible to keep miners because they will not stay where drink cannot be procured.

The attorneys asserted the company had lost heavily on account of this condition, and offered to enter into a written agreement to operate the saloon on a strictly business basis and to turn the profits over to such charity as the court might direct. This proposition was accepted, and the license granted.

# NOTED CLERGYMAN DEAD

**Rev. P. F. Dissez Passes Away Suddenly at Baltimore.**

Baltimore, Jan. 25.—Rev. Dr. P. F. Dissez, a member of the faculty of St. Mary's seminary, and who was one of the instructors of Cardinal Gibbons when he attended that institution, died at an early hour this morning of congestion of the lungs. He was 80 years of age.

Father Dissez was widely known among the clergy of the United States. He had been ill only a few days. Just before the end the last rites of the church were administered to the dying priest by Cardinal Gibbons.

# Pictures Worth $3,500,000 on Display in Honor of Kaiser

Berlin, Jan. 25.—Emperor William today inaugurated the celebrations in connection with the beginning of his fiftieth year, which will take place next Monday, his birthday, by opening in this city an unique exposition which has been arranged in his honor. This consists of a loan exhibition of forty masterpieces of British art, with a total value of $3,500,000, at the Prussian Royal Academy of Arts.

The pictures were brought especially from England with the consent of the private owners. Among these are J. Pierpont Morgan, the Duke of Westminster, Charles Wertheimer, Alfred Rothschild, Lord Swaythling, William Lockett Agnew and Henry Oppenheim. The collection comprises masterpieces by Romney, Lawrence, Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Hoppner, and some of them never have been exhibited publicly before.

Detectives are watching the pictures night and day, and every precaution against fire and damage has been taken.

The exposition will last a month, and during this time the art treasures exhibited will be protected by insurance amounting to $3,750,000.

# TRY TO IMPLICATE SENATOR IN CASE

**Name of U. S. Senator Fulton Drawn Into Conspiracy Trial at Portland, Ore.**

Portland, Ore., Jan. 25.—In the Hall and Mays conspiracy case yesterday, Francis J. Heney, the prosecutor, endeavored, through former State Senator W. W. Steiver, to connect United States Senator Charles W. Fulton with the case.

According to the contention of the prosecutor, Fulton saw former United States Commissioner John H. Hall on behalf of Steiver, and exacted a promise from Hall that civil proceedings would be brought against the Butte Creek Live Stock & Lumber company, in eastern Oregon, instead of a criminal action against the individual members of the corporation, which was charged with illegally fencing government land. The prosecution contends that Fulton wrote to Steiver, telling of his alleged arrangement with Hall, but this alleged letter is not in the possession of the government.

Steiver testified that Senator Fulton had requested him to bring all the correspondence between them to Portland, and while here Fulton extracted this particular letter. Steiver said that Fulton had not attempted to recover this letter until after Steiver, Hall, Mays, Hendricks and various federal officers had been indicted for conspiracy.


# FREE TREATMENT FOR HEART DISEASE

We are giving away ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE a regular full size package of our world-famous treatment for the Heart and Nerves, also our fine, illustrated book telling all about these diseases and how they can be successfully treated with which you'll understand your own case fully—BOTH FREE—to all who are troubled with Palpitation, Fluttering or Skipping Beats of the Heart, Headache, Short Breath, Asthma, Stomach Trouble (often caused by weak heart), Constipation, Dizziness, Nosebleed, Numbness, Sinking Spells, Pain in Heart, Side or Shoulder Blade, Nervousness, Trembling, Twitching, Nightmare, or a general weak, run-down condition.

Directing Adviser Clearwater
Head of the Famous Heart Cure Co.

If you have any of these sure symptoms, something's wrong with your Heart, and this fine treatment is just what you need.

Don't make the mistake of thinking it's only your Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels that are troubling you. Lots of people make that mistake. They say, "It don't amount to anything—it will go away of itself"—and some day, all of a sudden, they drop dead of Heart Disease—just as you read and hear of every day.

Six out of every ten persons have heart Trouble. Sixty thousand people die of it every year. They doctor the Stomach, Kidneys or Female Organs when it's really the Heart that's causing all the trouble, and that's crippling these other organs.

Don't take any more chances, no matter what you may think your trouble is, but if you have the slightest symptom of Heart Trouble, write us today for this full free treatment and book. We will send both by mail in plain package, securely sealed, postpaid, and there will be

**NO CHARGE WHATEVER**

for it in any way. Remember, this isn't just a little "sample," but a generous, genuine full-size treatment.

No matter how bad off you are—no matter if you think Heart Disease incurable—no matter if some common doctor has said that you can't be cured, be fair to yourself, give us a chance—don't fail to test this grand treatment.

It has cured—we don't mean just helped, but cured—thousands of cases of Heart Trouble, many of which were thought hopeless.

It will set your stomach right, remove constipation, clear your blood, steady your nerves and build up your whole system, besides strengthening and curing the Heart.

Don't let this chance go by—accept our offer NOW! It's made in all sincerity and friendliness from our true desire to show without cost to every sufferer who needs it just what this treatment will do. Our offer is absolutely, completely HONEST, as the publisher of this paper will gladly tell you.

Read the questions carefully, write your name and address plainly in the Free Treatment Coupon, cut it out and mail to us TODAY. We will send you the full free treatment and illustrated book at once.

Read these questions carefully. If you can answer "Yes" to any one of them you need this Heart and Nerve Treatment that we are giving away FREE.

Do you tire easily?
Do you have Headache?
Does your Heart flutter?
Does it ever skip beats?
Does your Heart Palpitate?
Do you start in your sleep?
Are you short of breath?
Do you feel "weak and run down?"
Do you have numb spells?
Do you have dizzy spells?
Do you have weak, sinking spells?
Are you nervous and irritable?
Do your feet, legs or ankles swell?
Does your stomach have an "all gone" feeling?
Have pain in your Heart, side or shoulder blade?

**FREE TREATMENT COUPON**

Heart Cure Co., Heart Specialists, 331 Masonic Building, Hallowell, Maine.

Please send me entirely free of charge your regular full size Heart and Nerve Treatment and your free book.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

**HEART CURE CO.**
**HEART SPECIALISTS**
**331 Masonic Bldg., Hallowell, Maine.**


# STOESSEL GREW RICH DURING SIEGE

**Charged He Sold Eggs at $1 Each to the Sick—Prosecution's Case at an End.**

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23.—Testimony showing the straits of the civil population at Port Arthur during the siege was given at the court martial of Lieutenant General Stoessel yesterday by Colonel Vershinin, who was civil commisioner of that place, and who fathered the charges made against General Stoessel that he reaped a rich harvest by selling milk and eggs and other luxuries to the sick during the siege.

According to Colonel Vershinin mere existence was a luxury for civilians. Provisions were enormously expensive. A cow cost $800, a pig $500, eggs $1 each, and other things correspondingly.

He testified that Mme. Stoessel had a large herd of cattle and a flock of chickens and charged exorbitant prices. Shortly before the surrender, he said, she summoned a merchant and attempted to dispose of these, the supposition being that she had an inkling of the coming surrender.

The prosecution's case is practically all in, the judge advocate having dismissed all his witnesses except three, but several of General Stoessel's witnesses are yet to be heard.

# United States Ranks Second in the Shipbuilding Industry

New York, Jan. 25.—The shipbuilding summary for 1907, compiled by the Shipping World, shows that the United States ranks second for the year in the total tonnage of ships constructed, only England having outstripped this country.

The summary shows that the total ship construction in American yards last year reached 488,059 tons, which is 195,986 tons greater than the output of the German yards for the same period, Germany standing third in 1907 among the maritime nations in ship construction.

Great Britain, which stands first on the list, has to her credit a tonnage of 1,673,121 tons of new ships, this figure including such great ships as the new Cunarders Lusitania and Mauretania. This is nevertheless a decrease from the total tonnage of the output of the British yards in 1906.

France and Japan are about tied in the total tonnage of their output, the figures for the first named power being 109,622, and for the last 122,095.

# Bishop Horstmann Sends Aid to Millionaire Dying in Hovel

Cleveland, O., Jan. 24.—With a simple decoction of herbs that had been used in his own family for generations, Bishop Ignatius Horstmann came to the aid of Valentine Christ, millionaire, as he lay gasping for breath in his hovel on Bond street S. E., yesterday afternoon. The herbs worked. Christ was reported considerably better last night.

The aged man, who had come from poverty to riches in a few years, but still disdained the comforts of wealth, passed a bad day yesterday. An attack of asthma, coming in his weakened condition, created alarm among his relatives and nurse.

The tidings of Christ's condition came to the ears of the bishop of the Cleveland diocese. Bishop Horstmann had been a sufferer from asthma himself a number of years ago. He immediately thought of the remedy which had cured him. It was made from herbs, a secret in the family for many years.

Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, one of the bishop's assistants, was sent hurrying over to Christ's hovel with a plentiful supply of the herbs. He found the sufferer in a bad way. He took personal charge of the relief measures.

"Bishop Horstmann sent over some medicine for you," he said. "It helped him and may help you." The old man tried to speak, but choked. He nodded his gratitude.

Taking out a small box, Father Jennings sprinkled the herbs, which had been reduced to powdered form, on big shovel. A match was applied and the fumes directed into the sick man's face. Relief came at once.

At the end of the operation Christ said that he felt better than he had for days.

# THAW WITNESSES COME

**Arrive in New York on Vessel Delayed by Storm.**

New York, Jan. 25.—Four witnesses who are expected to testify for the defense in the trial of Harry K. Thaw, for the killing of Stanford White, arrived here today on the steamer Adriatic from Europe. The big steamship had considerable difficulty in getting past Sandy Hook, because of the heavy seas, and it was on account oft his and the storm of snow that the witnesses did not land yesterday. The delay in their arrival caused an adjournment of the court early yesterday until Monday. Three of the witnesses who came on the vessel are physicians and a fourth is a nurse, who, it is asserted, attended Thaw while he was ill in Europe.

The identity of the Thaw witnesses has been a closely guarded secret and, with one exception, the names had not become known when the steamer arrived this morning. The known witness is Dr. Gauja, of Switzerland, who treated Thaw in that country four years ago.

# COMPANY IS EXONERATED

**Darr Mine Disaster Caused by Use of Open Lamp.**

Greensburg, Pa., Jan. 22.—The verdict of the coroner's jury which investigated the Darr mine explosion was returned last night exonerating the Pittsburg Coal company and attributing the explosion to the use of an open lamp.

The verdict declares the disaster was caused by "the accidental explosion of gas ignited by an open lamp at an initial point which we are unable to decide, owing to difference of opinion between inspectors and experts, which explosion was augmented by coal dust that extended throughout the mine."

# COUNTESS IS ARRESTED

**Charged With Carrying Out Literary Swindles.**

Dresden, Jan. 25.—Countess Von Sturza, a member of the Hungarian nobility, was arrested in this city today on the charge of having carried out a series of literary swindles. It was her custom to sign her own name to the works of authors not known in Germany or Austria and then sell the manuscripts for large sums. For some time past the countess had been a leading fig

## TWO CURES OF ECZEMA

**Baby Had Severe Attack—Grandfather Suffered Torments with the Disease—Virulent Sores on Legs.**

**OWE RECOVERY TO CUTICURA.**

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is today a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried many doctors to no purpose. Then I procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and final cure. M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., April 23 and May 14, 1907."


## TRY TO STEAL MAPS.

### Second Attempt to Rob Frisco Armory Frustrated.

San Francisco, Jan. 27.—The Call today says:

Bullets fired with deadly intent by national guard sharpshooters early yesterday morning frustrated a second attempt to rob the armory of Companies K and M, Fifth infantry, National Guard.

In the building, which is located at Buchanan and Waller streets, are kept valuable military maps of San Francisco's coast defense and topographical plans of the peninsula.

That the attack on the building was not a burglar's ordinary operation seems apparent from the persistency of the mysterious visitors. Early Saturday morning and again in the darkness of Sunday morning two men tried to gain an entrance into the premises. Fearing that a third attempt might be made, the officer in command ordered the guard of a soldier's doubled last night. Armed men watched the premises from nightfall Sunday until dawn this morning.

From the descriptions of the trespassers furnished the officers of the regiment by the sentries the authorities are working on the theory that Japanese spies were working to gain entrance to the secrets of the armory.

## COUNTY OPTION IS SAFE

### Report of Drake's Stand Braces Up Senators.

Columbus, O., Jan. 27.—The telegraphic information from Sandusky that Senator Drake, of Erie county, chairman of the senate temperance committee, has at last asserted positively that the Rose county option bill will be reported for passage this week, has strengthened the position of several doubtful senators. It is now asserted that at least 15, and probably 16, of the 18 Republican senators will vote for the bill.

On the Democratic side it will have the support of Senators Lamb, Drake, Mahaffey, Berry, Denman, Beatty and possibly two others, so that the bill will have at least 21 votes, and possibly 24. Only 19 are required to pass it in the senate.

The liquor people are now ready to concede that nothing can prevent its passage in the house of representatives. Their entire fight has been centered in the senate.

The Rose option bill is the one absorbing topic in legislative circles today and the temperance people are jubilant.

## ENDORSE POSTAL SAVINGS

### Bricklayers and Masons' Convention in Detroit.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 25.—The Bricklayers and Masons' International Union of America, in annual session here, endorsed the postal savings bank idea. The New York executive committee was empowered to settle all questions arising in its jurisdiction, avoiding the direct appeal of the local bodies to the international body.

New York local No. 37 was voted $2,500 to reimburse it for expenses incurred in enforcing the rules of the international body.

The convention rejected a committee recommendation to give the state and provincial conferences two delegates each with half a vote for each delegate in addition to the delegates from the locals. It was decided to increase the number of vice presidents from four to eight, to be distributed as nearly as possible geographically.

## BISHOP'S FUNERAL HELD

### Body of Bishop Worthington to Be Brought to U. S.

Paris, Jan. 24.—The funeral services over the body of the Right Rev. George R. Worthington, bishop of Nebraska, who died at Mentone, January 7, were held at the American church here yesterday afternoon. There was a large attendance. The body will be shipped to the United States, where it will be interred. Dr. Worthington, shortly before his death, was appointed bishop in charge of the Episcopal churches on the continent in succession to Bishop Henry C. Potter, of New York.

## INDICT HARVESTER TRUST

### Charged With Violating Kentucky Anti-Trust Laws.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 25.—A Franklin county grand jury returned an indictment yesterday against the International Harvester company, charging that said company had combined the McCormick, the Champion, the Deering and the Osborne companies to regulate and control the prices of harvesting machinery in violation of the Kentucky anti-trust law.


## ARE YOU A MAN

MY DEAR BROTHER: Are you the strong and kingly man you ought and want to be, or have the reckless acts of by-gone days brought loss of strength and thrown your nervous system out of tune? Do advancing years make work go hard; are you lost to men's delights because of lack of vim and vigor? Then use my

**Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men**

The same Wonder-Workers, advertised in the same papers, and sold by the same man from the same place for 8 years, during which scores of medical frauds have busted or gone to jail. My Wonder-Workers do **not** contain any poison, and they do **not** excite. They build up, strengthen, cure. Their use, one tablet at a dose, three times a day, cured over 600,000 cases of Weak Back, Exhausting Drains, Varicocele, Low Vitality, Weak Organs, Nervous Debility, Lost Ambition and Kidney and Bladder Troubles in Men of All Ages during the past 8 years easier, quicker and cheaper than they could have been cured in any other way; and on my honor as a man I tell you that you can be a man of vim and vigor if you, too, use

**Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men**

Be a strong, peerless, fearless, nervy, manly man, and hold high carnival with perfect health. The Price is **Only One Dollar** per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense, or $1.15 by mail in plain, sealed package prepaid. If you order please mention this paper. I give men a square deal and am your friend.

GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, O.


## MRS. EDDY NEAR DEATH

### Is Moved by Special Train to Brookline, Mass.

### Church Founder Is Guarded Night and Day by Half Dozen Armed Men.

Boston, Jan. 27.—Guarded by the utmost secrecy, Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder and head of the Christian Science church, was removed by special train yesterday with all her household attendants from Pleasant View, in Concord, N. H., where she has lived for 19 years, to a new house in the fashionable Chestnut Hill section of Brookline.

It is reported here that Mrs. Eddy is in a dying condition, and that the hurried removal to Brookline from

MRS. MARY BAKER G. EDDY.

Concord was made as a strategic step in the legal fight now in progress over her estate.

The coming was unheralded and only a few of the leaders of the Christian Science church had been aware of the contemplated change. Even the train crew, which early today took the private car of the vice president of the Boston & Maine railroad to Concord, were commanded to maintain absolute secrecy as to the trip they were to make, and the best men in the service of the road were assigned to the duty.

Preceded by a pilot engine to clear the way, the special train of three cars left Concord at 2 o'clock and proceeded over three railroads over a circuitous route to the Chestnut Hill station on the Boston && Albany road. In the rear of the train, to guard against collisions, trailed a third engine.

Arriving in Brookline at 5 o'clock, the party was taken to the late Amory A. Lawrence estate, one of the most beautiful in all Brookline, even before $100,000 had been spent in the past four months to remodel it, and here Mrs. Eddy was settled in her new home.

The most unusual scene attended the arrival of the special train at Chestnut Hill station. There were seven closed carriages to meet and convey the party to the Lawrence estate. The fifth carriage in the line, the smallest of all, and the least conspicuous, was occupied by Mrs. Eddy, Calvin A. Frye, her secretary, and another man, apparently a groom. All were warmly wrapped in furs, and the women all carried bouquets of beautiful flowers.

**Mrs. Eddy Carried In.**

The Lawrence home was reached at just 5:20 o'clock. One by one the men and women of the party alighted, and gathering about the massive porch at the front entrance, stood in line on either side from the carriage step to the house. When the carriage of Mrs. Eddy drove up to the porch Calvin A. Frye was the first to leave it and following him came the other man. Leaning back into the carriage, the big man, powerful of limb, gathered up the frail form of Mrs. Eddy. Wrapped in a long sealskin cape, with a black bonnet trimmed with violets on her head, and with her hands protected by white gloves, she was carried gently up the steps in the big man's arms, through the long line of people, who murmured softly as she passed.

At 8 o'clock the light in Mrs. Eddy's room was extinguished, a little later the servants passed from the house to their quarters and the first night in her new home had begun for Mrs. Eddy. Six men remained on guard through the night, and today six others took their places for the day gaurd. Within a week permits have been issued by the Brookline police for the men to carry arms, and it is believed the watch of the six at night and six by day will be continued for some time.

**Those in the Party.**

The names of most of those who comprised Mrs. Eddy's party were learned as follows: Calvin A. Frye, secretary; John Lathrop, assistant secretary; Arthur Bosburgh, recording secretary; John Salchow, personal groom for Mrs. Eddy; Misses Sarah Sargent and Sarah Clark, maids to Mrs. Eddy; Mrs. Mary Scott, housekeeper, and three servants; Rev. Irving C. Tomlinson, formerly reader in the First church, Boston; Dr. Alpheus B. Morrill, Boston, and Archibald McLellan.

## PREFERS DEATH TO JAIL

### Banker Kills Himself When Bond Is Withdrawn.

Ellinwood, Kas., Jan. 25.—W. Leo Bockemohle, cashier of the suspended bank of Ellinwood, at Ellinwood, Kas., under bond for making false statement of the bank's condition in December, shot and killed himself last night at his home just after his bondsmen had informed him that they had surrendered him to the sheriff. As the bondsmen reached the front of Bockemohle's yard, he caleld out, "Wait a minute." They turned and saw Bockemohle shoot himself in the head with a pistol and fall dead on the porch. The bank of Ellinwood was founded 23 years ago by Bockemohle's father, now dead, and was until lately regarded as a strong institution.

## MONEY FOR UNEMPLOYED

### Collection of $1,000 Raised in Boston Church.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 27.—True to the promise he made one week ago when Morrison I. Swift and his "army" of the unemployed entered Trinity church and demanded that the rector preach on the duty of the state to the unemployed, and take up a collection for the latter, Rev. Alexander Mann made welcome yesterday many of the unemployed, and a collection, estimated at $1,000, was taken up for their benefit at the morning service.

The collection will be given over to the Boston Provident association. Mr. Swift himself was not present in the church, and but a sprinkling of the number who were there a week ago appeared.

## WAITRESS GETS A FORTUNE

### Is Entitled to $200,000 Share of Large Estate.

Boston, Jan. 25.—Miss Georgia A. Smythe, a waitress in a Cambridge street lunch room, has received news from her home in New Brunswick that she is entitled to a fortune of $200,000 by virtue of being a great-great-granddaughter of Maria Fitzherbert, celebrated in history as having been married to King George IV. of England, though the marriage was never officially recognized.

Miss Smythe's father is dead, and she and a sister are his only heirs.

## DISCRIMINATION LEGAL

### Supreme Court Decides Case Affecting Railroad Men.

### Might Be Unwise, but as a Matter of Right, There Could Be No Doubt.

Washington, Jan. 7.—The constitutionality of the act of congress of June 1, 1898, prohibiting railroad companies engaged in interstate commerce from discriminating against members of labor organizations in the matter of employment, was called into question by the case of William Adair vs. the United States, which was decided by the supreme court of the United States today favorably to Adair. The opinion was by Justice Harlan, and held the law to be repugnant to the constitution.

The court held that Adair, as master mechanic of the Louisville & Nashville railroad company, had a right to discharge an employe because he was a member of a labor organization, just as it was the employe's right to quit such employment because of his membership in such organization. Such a course, the decision added, might be unwise, but, regarded as a mere matter of right, there could be no doubt. Congress could not, under the constitution, authorize a violation of contracts under the guise of protecting interstate commerce.

Justice McKenna delivered a dissenting opinion favorable to the law, in which he said the court's decision proceeds along very narrow lines.

The case came to the supreme court on a writ of error from the United States district court for the eastern district of Kentucky. Adair is the master mechanic of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company, and he was proceeded against on the charge of threatening to discharge from the employ of the company a locomotive engineer, named Coppage, because the latter was a member of a labor union. The act of 1898, which was one of the results of the great Chicago strike, was invoked for Coppage's protection, and the district court fined Adair $100.

The constitutionality of the act was strenuously attacked in the district court by the railroad attorneys, and when the decision was announced they promptly brought the case to the supreme court, with the result that the decision of the lower court was reversed. In his decision Justice Harlan held it was Adair's right to serve his employer as best he could, so long as he did nothing forbidden by law as contrary to the public welfare.

## BOMBS IN LIQUOR WAR

### Infernal Machines Exploded at 3 Girard, Ala., Residences.

Columbus, Ga., Jan. 25.—Feeling between the members of the Law and Order League at Girard, Ala., and persons opposed to the prohibition laws reached its height last night when dynamite bombs were exploded in front of the residences of C. T. Gifford, president of the league, and two Girard ministers active in the league. No damage was done to persons or property.

The explosions followed the arrest of six men, three white and three negroes, for violating the prohibition laws. The Law and Order League yesterday swore out eleven warrants on information secured by a detective in the employ of the league.

Officers of the league express the opinion that the dynamite explosions were made to intimidate them. Friends of the anti-prohibitionists declare that mischievous young men caused the explosions.

Girard is just across the river from Columbus, and the heavy explosions were heard here.

## NIGHT RIDERS TERRIFY

### Take Possession of and "Shoot Up" a Hotel.

Dawson Springs, Ky., Jan. 25.—A band of 50 masked night riders late last night took possession of the Arcadia hotel here and after terrifying the guests by "shooting up" the place, took John Heath, an independent tobacco buyer, who was a guest, to a river near by, and upon threats of a "ducking" made him promise to not buy any more tobacco.

The riders first tried to force the night clerk to show them to Mr. Heath's room, but this he declined to do. The men then scattered to all parts of the hotel, shooting as they went.

The guests, terrified by the shooting, rushed from their rooms into the halls, only to be frightened back. Mr. Heath was recognized by the night riders as soon as he appeared, and quickly seized.

## VARDAMAN OUT OF OFFICE

### Pardons 26 Men, 18 of Them Negroes, on Last Day.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 22.—The last official act of Governor Vardaman before turning over the reins of government to his successor yesterday, was the issuance of twenty-six pardons. Eight of the beneficiaries were whites, while the other eighteen were negroes.

The majority of the charges were for murder or manslaughter, and most of the prisoners had served several years of their sentences. Eleven of them were lifetime men.

## GIVE UP LIVES FOR GOLD

### Three More Men Killed in Vain Search for Treasure.

San Francisco, Jan. 25.—More disaster has attended the efforts of C. R. Johnson, of Boston, to recover the gold lost on the beach at Manzanillo, Mexico, in 1862, by the burning of the old side wheel Pacific mail steamer Golden Gate. A letter received here yesterday states that two of the men engaged in the work, were drowned, and a third killed by a blow from a large timber during a storm at Manzanillo some days ago.

A gasoline launch, which had been sent down from this city by Johnson to assist in the operations was sunk during the same storm.

## PROHIBITION FOR MICHIGAN

### Provision Favorably Reported in Constitutional Convention.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 25.—A drastic prohibition proposal was unanimously and favorably reported in the constitutional convention yesterday by the committee on liquor affairs. The section reads as follows:

"The manufacture and sale of malt brewed, vinous and intoxicating liquors shall be forever prohibited in the state after May 1, 1909, except for scientific, sacramental and medicinal purposes."

## AOKI REACHES JAPAN.

Tokio, Jan. 25.—Viscount Aoki, ex-ambassador to the United States, has arrived here. Viscount Hayashi, foreign minister, early this morning, sent a representative to Yokahama to receive him.

## "Ouida" Dies in Abject Poverty

Florence, Italy, Jan. 27.—"Ouida" (Louise de La Ramee) the novelist, died Saturday at Via Reggio, after an illness extending over a long period. She died in most distressing poverty, her only attendant being an old servant woman in whose arms she expired. She was completely blind of one eye and the other eye was badly affected because of exposure and privation. During the last few months of her life she was compelled at times to sleep in the open air when unable to pay for a night's lodging. The immediate cause of death is set down as asthma, complicated by heart disease.

"Ouida" had a passionate fondness for dogs, and up to the last was surrounded by many of them, depriving herself of even the necessaries of life in order to feed them.

The minister of instruction had sent her on several occassions recently considerable contributions which had been subscribed for her aid. She received a small pension from the English government.

"Ouida" was born in 1840 at the market town of Bury Saint Edmunds, England. Her father was an Englishman and her mother was French. She went to London when about twenty years old and began to write for periodicals under the name of "Ouida," her own childish pronunciation of "Louisa."

"OUIDA" (LOUISE DE LA RAMEE)

Her first novel in 1863 was Held in Bondage, and this was followed by Strathmore, Under Two Flags, which has been dramatized, Two Offenders, and many others. Her novels are tawdry in sentiment, but exhibits picturesque power and striking dramatic effectiveness.

## Cardinal Richard Dies in Paris

Paris, Jan. 28.—Francois Marie Benjam Richard, cardinal and archbishop of Paris, died here today of congestion of the lungs, after a short illness.

Cardinal Richard was born at Nantes March 1, 1819, and was made a cardinal in 1889.

The body of the late cardinal, following the old custom, will be exposed to the view of the public at the archbishopric tomorrow. The funeral services will take place at the Notre Dame cathedral on Saturday.

A message of condolence from President Fallieries has been received at the archbishopric.

**Pope Deeply Affected.**

Rome, Jan. 28.—Although he had been informed that the end was coming, the news of the death in Paris of Cardinal Richard deeply affected Pope Pius. He knelt in prayer for a few moments and when he arose he exclaimed: "He was not even allowed to close his eyes in his own house," this was an allusion to the fact that in 1906, at the height of the church separation trouble in France, Cardinal Richard was ordered by the French authorities to vacate the archiepiscopal palace in Paris.

## HARRY THAW'S INSANITY

### Physician Describes It as Being "Manic-Depressive."

### State Begins Rebuttal by Calling Eyewitnesses to Madison Garden Tragedy.

New York, Jan. 28.—The Thaw case progressed today to within a few hours of its close. By the time the noon recess was taken the state had practically concluded its case in rebuttal and the defense had only a few witnesses to call in sur-rebuttal.

The summing up of the attorneys will begin tomorrow.

District Attorney Jerome caused distinct surprise by announcing that he would call no expert witnesses to rebut the testimony of the alienists introduced by the defense. It was said he would rely upon arguing that a competent case of legal insanity had not been made out. His move also prevents the defense from calling the state's experts of last year in sur-rebuttal.

The proceedings were materially speeded by an agreement of counsel to read to the jury the testimony of Abraham H. Hummel concerning the affidavit Evelyn Nesbit is said to have signed in 1903, charging cruelties against Harry Thaw, as given at the last trial.

In return for the concession by the defense, Mr. Jerome allowed the will of the defendant to go in evidence.

The prosecution brought several witnesses forward to say Thaw acted rational the night of the tragedy.

The Thaw defense closed its case yesterday with "manic-depressive" insanity as the explanation of the death of Stanford White at the hands of the young Pittsburg millionaire.

It was left to Justice Dowling to make a most important inquiry of the alienists. He desired to know the exact nature of "manic-depressive" insanity, and if the attacks were likely to recur. He also asked that if a person suffering from this form of insanity would be likely to commit assaults. He learned that it was recurrent form of mental disorder, the attacks coming suddenly and without warning, a period of insanity being followed by a maniacal outburst, then by a period of complete depression and then by another lucid interval. It seemed that the presiding judge was securing information upon which to predicate judicial action in the event of a verdict of not guilty on the ground of insanity, or of a straight acquittal. Even in the latter event, it was pointed out, Justice Dowling would have the right to have Thaw committed for examination.

An English physician, one of the three foreign men of medicine who testified yesterday, first gave the name of "manic-depressive," or "sub-acute mania" to Thaw's mental condition. Dr. Sydney Russell Wells, of London, made the diagnosis during an outbreak by Thaw in London in 1899, when, with a normal temperature, Thaw demanded that the walls of his rooms in a nursing home be torn down so that he might have air and that twenty tons of ice be put in the apartment to cool it.

## ASK A TIME EXTENSION

### Important Conference Between Railroad Men and President.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Conferences of particular importance to all the railroads of the country were held yesterday by the operating vice presidents of twelve or fifteen great lines of American railways with President Roosevelt.

The railroad officials represented practically all of the important railroads of the country. They presented to the President and subsequently to the interstate commerce commission a request that an amendment be recommended to congress to the act "to promote the safety of employes and travelers upon railroads by limiting the hours of service of employes thereon."

The delegation pointed out to the President that the act referred to is to become effective March 4 next. It limits the hours of duty of telegraphers and such other railway employes as may be engaged in transmitting train orders. Commonly the act is known as the nine-hour law.

The delegation presented to President Roosevelt arguments in support of an extension of the time when the law should go into effect.

It is expected that the interstate commerce commission either will extend the time limit of the effectiveness of the law itself, or join with President Roosevelt in making such recommendation to congress as may be deemed necessary.

## "LIVING SKELETON" DEAD

Ansonia, Conn., Jan. 22.—Edward Niedling, known all over the country as "the living skeleton," is dead here. He was 35 years old and had been exhibited in museums throughout the country for years.

## THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 21.—Senate.—The senate today discussed the propriety of authorizing one of its committees to investigate the circumstances connected with the issuance of an injunction in the case of the Hitchman Coal & Coke company versus John Mitchell, by Judge Alston G. Dayton, of the United States circuit court of the northern district of West Virginia. Senator Culberson asked to have a resolution for that purpose adopted, and Senator Hale thought it should not harass judges in their decisions, and he did not favor such a resolution unless there was considerable ground for believing that a judge had exceeded his authority. Considerable time was spent in considering the bill to revise the criminal code.

House.—At the close of a day of excitement in the house of representatives an amendment was added to the penal code bill making it a criminal offense for any officer or employe of the government to give out advance information regarding any crop statistics authorized by law to be prepared. The original amendment was by Mr. Burleson, of Texas, who made a strong plea for its passage, but a substitute by Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, with a brief addition by Mr. Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, was accepted. Earlier in the day interest attached to a tilt between Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Randell, of Texas, over the latter's amendments prohibiting senators or members from being employed by public service corporations. Believing that Mr. Randell had insinuated that he represented such corporations at this time, Mr. Dalzell grew indignant and declared that he had not been employed in such capacity for 20 years. The climax of the debate came when Mr. Clark, of Missouri, announced, amid thunderous Democratic applause, that William J. Bryan would be nominated at the Denver convention, while Mr. Boutell, of Illinois, aroused the members on his side to a high pitch of enthusiasm by stating that Speaker Cannon would be the Republican nominee.

Washington, Jan. 22.—Senate.—The senate spent over an hour in discussing a resolution offered by Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, directing the department of commerce and labor to suspend its investigation into the affairs of the International Harvester company, which was ordered by a resolution over a year ago. During this discussion Senator Hansbrough declared that the "harvester trust" is attempting to control the selection of delegates to the next Republican national convention and is especially working to defeat him for re-election to the senate. The resolution finally was referred to a committee. The criminal code bill was again considered for over two hours.

House—Rapid progress was made in the house of representatives in the consideration of the bill to codify and revise the penal laws of the United states. The only amendment of any importance which got through was one by Ollie James, of Kentucky, making it a criminal offense under heavy penalty, to falsify government crop statistics, the object of the amendment being to protect the cotton and tobacco growers from speculators. Over 50 pages of the bill were disposed of. Except for a political speech by Mr. Kimball, of Kentucky, the proceedings were unanimous and at no time were a hundred members in their seats.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Senate.—Senator Stone today presented statistics of government deposits in national banks to show that the distribution of money during the recent currency stringency was not "equitable," as contemplated by the law governing the treasury department. He declared that the west and south were discriminated against, while New York and Boston were favored. Senator Teller followed with brief comment upon the action of the secretary of the treasury, declaring that the placing of money in New York city during the panic was fully justified. The senate devoted the latter part of the session to a consideration of the bill to revise the criminal code, and adjourned until Monday.

House.—The urgent deficiency appropriation bill occupied the attention of the house today, to the exclusion of other business. A surprise was sprung when Chairman Tawney of the appropriations committee warned the members that the country was confronted with the certainty of a $100,000,000 deficit unless the estimates of the next fiscal year should be cut down materially. A discussion on tariff revision was injected into the proceedings, in which leaders on both sides of the house tried to commit one another to a definite announcement as to whether, if successful at the November elections, there would be tariff legislation. Without completing consideration of the bill, the house adjourned.

Washington, Jan. 24.—House.—Although the urgent deficiency bill was technically up for consideration in the house today, not a word pertinent to the bill was spoken. Under the privilege of general debate, several members addressed the house on a variety of subjects, but the speech which attracted most attention was a criticism by Mr. Hitchcock, of Nebraska, of a political forecast by Gen. Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio. The debate brought to their feet numerous Democrats, who sprang to the defense of Mr. Bryan, while Gen. Keifer, of Ohio, supported by several other Republicans, undertook to refute all the arguments concerning Mr. Bryan's two campaigns. Adjournment was taken until Monday.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Senate.—Greatly to the surprise of every one the subject of slavery was introduced in the senate today. Secretary Taft was directly charged with having a knowledge of slavery in the Philippine Islands. The debate was made pertinent by the sections of the bill revising the criminal code of the United States, which provide penalties for dealing in slaves. Mr. Platt asserted that such provisions should be stricken out. Senator Heyburn declared that not only is there immoral traffic in white slaves, but that actual human slavery is maintained in the Philippine Islands.

House—The street railway systems of the District of Columbia and the financial question occupied the time of the house of representatives today. The latter subject was discussed by Mr. Fowler, chairman of the committee on banking and currency, in an exhaustive speech, in which he opposed bond-secured currency and the proposition looking to the establishment of a central bank. At the conclusion of his speech adjournment was taken.

## RUMORS CLOSE BANK.

### Receiver Appointed for National of North America.

### It Is Believed That All Depositors of Big Institution Will Be Paid in Full.

New York, Jan. 27.—Comptroller of the Currency William B. Ridgeley yesterday ordered the National Bank of North America closed for liquidation, and appointed Charles Hanna, national bank examiner, as receiver.

The aftermath of the financial storm of last October, in its effect on the bank which today closed its doors, has been in the shape of heavy and persistent withdrawals, the result, according to President W. F. Havemeyer, of insistent rumors set afloat respecting the bank's condition. Membership in the Clearing House association enabled the bank to weather the gale for a time, but the aid extended by this association in the form of loan certificates finally became the means of bringing about the decision to go into liquidation when the call for their redemption was intimated to the directors on Saturday last. The bank's indebtedness to the Clearing House association is $2,200,000.

President Havemeyer places the blame for the trouble upon the persistent rumors he declared were the cause of withdrawals, which on Saturday became so heavy that it was believed the bank would not be able to meet the obligations.

Two meetings of the directors were held yesterday and at the conclusion of the last the directors decided to withdraw from the Clearing House association and ask the comptroller of the currency to take charge of liquidation of the bank.

W. B. Ridgeley, comptroller of the currency, made the following statement of the bank's affairs:

"At the request of the board of directors of the National Bank of North America, the comptroller of the currency has ordered the bank to be closed for liquidation and appointed National Bank Examiner Charles W. Hanna as receiver. The action of the directors was not taken because they considered the bank insolvent, but on account of the difficulties of realizing on the assets of the bank rapidly enough to meet the heavy demands of depositors in the last few days and probable further large withdrawals feared.

"The receiver will proceed at once with the liquidation of the bank and the payment of its creditors. It is estimated that all depositors will be paid in full."

## DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

### Cars Are Demolished and Houses Shaken.

Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 25.—Five hundred pounds of dynamite in a box car at the mining town of Hocking, two miles from Algia, exploded during a fire which started in the company's store early today. Five men were injured and $60,000 worth of property destroyed.

The shock was felt for five miles. At Albia, two miles distant, windows were broken. The fire started from an unknown cause in the store of the Hawking Supply company, a frame building containing a stock worth $40,000. On a sidetrack near by was a string of box cars, one of them containing 500 pounds of dynamite. The flames jumped to the cars and the dynamite exploded with a deafening roar.

The cars were demolished and the trucks and rails were driven into the ground for four feet. Flying pieces of timbers struck a number of persons in the crowd that was watching the fire. Chimneys were knocked from 25 houses. Another string of box cars on a siding 100 feet away were demolished by the explosion.

Miners fought the flames, even when they knew the dynamite was in the car next to the fire, and that an explosion was likely at any time.

## REBATERS ARE FINED

### Broker Assessed $7,000 and His Clerk $4,000.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 25.—George L. Thomas, a freight broker of New York city, and L. B. Taggart, his clerk, pleaded guilty in the United States district court here today to the charge of conspiring to pay rebates to shippers. Judge McPherson fined Thomas $7,000 and Taggart $4,000. Both defendants were in court and, after sentence was passed, checks covering the fines were tendered and accepted by the judge.

Thus ends the case against these men. Jail sentences, imposed at a previous trial, were omitted today.

At the time Thomas and Taggart were first found guilty an appeal was taken and the verdict was reversed on the ground that the lower court had failed to instruct the jury on the presumption of the innocence of the defendants, a technical point.

## A HOSPITAL FOR HAZZARD

### Officers Astounded at Order From Washington.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 25.—Lieutenant Russell F. Hazzard, Seventh United States infantry, whose court-martial, in progress at Fort Wayne, was suddenly adjourned several days ago for two weeks by an order from the secretary of war, will in obedience to a similar order received yesterday, be removed today from Fort Wayne to the military hospital in connection with the Presidio, San Francisco, Cal.

Colonel Coruman, commanding the Seventh infantry, says that the order doubtless means that Lieutenant Hazzard will be retired. He said the order astounded him so when received that he wired to have it repeated to make sure there was no mistake.

## WEALTH FOR A PAUPER

### Woman in Infirmary to Receive $25,000.

Detroit, Mich., Jan. 28.—Mrs. Mary McGlynn, who has been an inmate of the Wayne county house at Eloise since last summer, has a good prospect of receiving a legacy of $25,000 if she can identify herself as the mother of Edward McGlynn, who died in Louisville, Ky.

According to Mrs. McGlynn her son Edward, a wire worker, left months ago for Louisville and she never heard from him since. L. D. Baxter, an undertaker, is administrator of the estate of a man named Edward McGlynn, who shortly before his death received damages of $25,000 as a result of injuries.

Baxter writes the local police that he is postive the dead man was the son of the Mrs. McGlynn in the county house.

## GEN. CRAWFORD DEAD.

Washington, Jan. 28.—Brigadier General Meorem Crawford, who was recently promoted from colonel of the coast artillery corps, was placed on the retired list yesterday on account of age. He is from Oregon and was graduated from the military academy in 1867.

## COMING TO WASHINGTON.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 25.—The appointment of Lieutenant Colonel Baron Bode as military attache at Washington, in succession to Colonel Raspopoff, was gazetted today.

## THE MARKETS.

**The Grain Markets.**

Toledo, O., Jan. 28.—Wheat opened somewhat higher, especially in cash and the near futures. Strength at Liverpool was one of the chief uplifting features. Receipts in the northwest showed an increase over last year. Liverpool opened 9-20c higher. Reports of free offerings of Argentine wheat tended to ease this market slightly.

Stocks at primary points increased. Trade was mostly confined to scaping. Opening unchanged at 94¾c, cash gained ½c in the first hour. May was also up ½c at $1.02¼, gaining ½c before the noon hour. July lost the gain of ¼c, scored at the opening, by falling back to 99¼c before 10 a. m. A loss of ¼c was regained by September when the option ascended to 96¾c at 10 a. m.

Light receipts in the southwest was an important factor. A natural reaction following the hammering process applied to wheat, set in today, and elevated the options materially. Bartlett, the Northern Grain Co. and Logan bought. In the morning there was some selling against ups. Predicted cold weather and exposed wheat were bullish. Argentine correspondents cabled no alarm need be felt over the reported political trouble. Liverpool closed unchanged to ¼d off. Toledo closes were: Cash, 99¾c; May, 102½c; July, 99¼c; September, 96¾c.

With the exception of a gain of ⅛c in May, corn was unchanged at the opening and during the early part of the day. The market appeared to need support. Local receipts were unusually heavy, but at Chicago the volume was less than expected. Liverpool opened 3-10c higher. Corn in Chicago elevators increased a half million. Trade was small. The Chicago Tribune says receipts of corn last week were the largest in 10 years. May ascended to 62c during the first half hour, after opening unchanged at 61⅞c. July was quoted at 61¼c and September at 61c.

Cold weather reports were bearish on corn. The market held steady and firm. Liverpool closed ⅛d to ¼d higher. Toledo finals were: Cash, 58c; May, 61⅝c; July, 61¼c; September, 61c.

Oats was weaker and somewhat lower. May opened ¼c down at 54¼c, gaining ⅛c soon after the start. July was off ¼c at 48¾c and September ¼c lower at 38¼c.

In oats, trade was light and the market steady during the afternoon. Cash closed at 53c, May at 54½c, July 48¾c and December 33½c.

There was no change in clover seed, excepting an advance of 7½c in October. Cash, January and March were quoted at $11.15, April at $11.05 and October $7.80.

Trading in clover seed was dull. Light shipments prevailed. Cash, January and March closed unchanged at $11.15, April unchanged at $11.05, and October 17½c higher at $7.80.

Pork hit the toboggan today and sagged to decidedly lower levels, May closing at $12.67, but reaching $12.65.

TOLEDO.

| | Open. | High. | Low. | Close Jan. 28. | Close Jan. 27. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| Cash | 99¼ | 1.00¼ | .... | 99¾ | 99¼ |
| May | 1.02½ | 1.03 | 1.02 | 1.02½ | 1.01⅞ |
| July | 99½ | 99¾ | .... | 99¼ | 99¼ |
| Sept. | 96½ | .... | 96¼ | 96¾ | 96¾ |
| **Corn—** | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 58 | 58½ |
| May | 61⅞ | 62 | .... | 61¾ | 61⅞ |
| July | 61½ | .... | .... | 61¼ | 61½ |
| Sept. | 61 | .... | .... | 61 | 61 |
| **Oats—** | | | | | |
| Cash | .... | .... | .... | 53 | 53 |
| May | 54¼ | .... | .... | 54¼ | 54½ |
| July | 48¼ | .... | .... | 48¼ | 48⅞ |
| Sept. | 38¼ | .... | .... | 38½ | 38½ |
| **Clover seed—** | | | | | |
| Cash | 11.15 | .... | .... | 11.15 | 11.15 |
| Jan. | 11.15 | .... | .... | 11.15 | 11.15 |
| March | 11.15 | .... | .... | 11.15 | 11.15 |
| April | 11.05 | .... | .... | 11.05 | 11.05 |
| Oct | 7.75 | .... | .... | 7.80 | 7.62½ |
| **Rye—** | | | | | |
| No. 1 | .... | .... | .... | 83½ | 83 |
| No. 2 | .... | .... | .... | 82½ | 83 |
| No. 3 | .... | .... | .... | 78½ | 78 |
| **Timothy—** | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | 2.25 | 2.25 |
| **Alsike—** | | | | | |
| Prime | .... | .... | .... | 10.50 | 10.50 |

CHICAGO.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| May | 1.00⅞ | 1.02 | 1.00⅝ | 1.01¼ | 1.00⅜ |
| July | 97⅞ | 98¼ | 97⅝ | 97⅞ | 97⅞ |
| Sept. | 95½ | 95⅝ | 94⅝ | 95 | 95 |
| Jan. | .... | .... | .... | 96¾ | .... |
| **Corn—** | | | | | |
| May | 61¼ | 61½ | .... | 61 | 61¼ |
| July | 59⅝ | 59⅞ | .... | 59⅝ | 59⅝ |
| Sept. | 59¼ | 59⅝ | .... | 59 | 59½ |
| **Oats—** | | | | | |
| May (old) | 53⅝ | 53⅞ | 53¼ | 53⅝ | 53⅝ |
| May (new) | 51⅜ | 51⅝ | 51⅛ | 51¼ | 51⅜ |
| July (old) | 46¼ | 46⅝ | .... | 46¼ | 46¼ |
| July (new) | 44¼ | .... | .... | 44⅜ | 44⅜ |
| Sept. | .... | .... | .... | .... | 38½ |

NEW YORK.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| May | 1.08⅝ | 1.09⅛ | .... | 1.09⅝ | 1.08⅝ |
| **Corn—** | | | | | |
| May | 70¼ | .... | .... | 70¼ | 70¼ |
| July | 68⅝ | .... | .... | 68⅞ | 68⅝ |

ST. LOUIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| May | 1.00¼ | 1.01½ | .... | 1.01¼ | 1.00¼ |
| July | 95¼ | .... | .... | 95⅜ | 95¼ |

MINNEAPOLIS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| May | .... | .... | .... | .... | 1.09 |
| July | .... | .... | .... | .... | 1.09¼ |

DULUTH.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Wheat—** | | | | | |
| May | .... | .... | .... | .... | 1.09⅝ |
| July | .... | .... | .... | .... | 1.10⅜ |

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Pork—** | | | | | |
| Jan. | .... | .... | .... | 12.22 | 12.55 |
| May | 13.02 | .... | 12.65 | 12.67 | 13.05 |
| **Lard—** | | | | | |
| Jan. | 7.70 | 7.75 | .... |